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BONNIE LANGFORD

on Colin, Sylvester and her lonely life as Melanie

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In this issue

Can it be a whole year since we had Sylvester and Sophie, cross-dressed and loving it, on the cover? Is it really 12 months since we inflicted **DWM**'s first novelty board game on our sceptical readers? Blimey.

Christmas has crept up on us unawares this time, hence the lack of festive fervour in these pages. This is something that seems to happen as you get older – a day that was once the entire focus of one's life for months comes to represent no more than an opportunity to catch up with family and eat 'til you're sick.

Most *Doctor Who* fans will have special memories of Christmas. For some it will be associated with the Daleks' first triumphal return in 1964. Perhaps, if you're the right age, this month's *Archive* will evoke the half-remembered smells of the pine needles and grandparents that filled the house during transmission of *The Three Doctors* – *Doctor Who*'s own equivalent of an over-indulgent New Year knees-up. Some readers will reminisce about receiving their first novelisation, just a few weeks after seeing *Doctor Who* for the first time. Unfortunately, Christmas 1989 proved not, perhaps, to be the best time to get hooked. Then again, it's certainly better than not finding the show at all.

THE DR WHO
ANNUAL

For me, the greatest *Doctor Who* Christmas came in 1977. Santa – with a little help from some heavily nagged and near-bankrupted parents – brought me my first Denys Fisher toys, namely the 'indestructible' TARDIS (Dad: "It's just a bit of cardboard"), and a dementedly-grinning Tom Baker figure (Dad: "What does he want to be playing with dolls for?"). A repeat of *The Robots of Death* was on TV, and my brother's deep-sea diver Action Man was reluctantly cast against type as both SV7 and Zilda in my bunk-bed recreations of Chris Boucher's finest 100 minutes.

It still wasn't enough, and in those endless days between Boxing Day and New Year – days of Tarzan movies and stupefying Disney shorts following the 'true-life' adventures of a drugged-looking raccoon – I became obsessed by a picture in a Freeman's mail order catalogue (don't be rude).

This is where it all gets unforgivably sad. In the books section, I found what was to be the focus of my dreams and desires for weeks – the 1978 *Doctor Who* Annual. For some reason I hadn't heard of annuals before – probably some parental conspiracy – but the acquisition of this one became of supreme importance. I even wrote little adventures about what the 'cover story' could be (generally the Doctor running and escaping in endless helicopters from Solon's castle, which had scared me senseless in *The Brain of Morbius*). It was all terribly exciting.

When eventually found, the annual was – in the way of things back then – almost unadulterated gibberish. But even the grim awfulness of such stories as *The Sands of Tyrnus* and *The Traitor* did not cool my passion for the front cover.

This year, I hope there are those of you out there who can be just as thrilled by a gift of *War of the Daleks* or a CD Rom. Personally, I'll be up in my parent's loft looking for a certain old book . . .

Have a happy one and, as they allegedly say on Skaro, 'Zyquivilly.'

Gary

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Gary Gillatt

Thanks to **Richard Bignell, Vanessa Bishop, Stephen Cole, Michael J Doran, Richard Devlin, David J Howe, Bonnie Langford, Adrian Rigelsford, Stephen Thorne, Peter Ware, Martin Wiggins, BBC Books, BBC Video**

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"When I was a kid I'd hear the *Doctor Who* music and hide behind the fridge!"

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Gallifrey Guardian

Special report **DWM ponders BBC plans for *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary**

Are repeats the best hope for the future of *Doctor Who*?

It is now almost two years since DWM confirmed the news of *Doctor Who*'s temporary return to production in Vancouver. Indeed, it is now 19 months since that project received its sole UK network screening on BBC1.

Sadly, the TV Movie's failure to find a global audience, and the subsequent erosion of the BBC's perhaps misguided hope that the programme could be turned into a multi-media franchise on the scale of *Star Trek* or *The X Files*, seems to have left the programme in something of a limbo. The irony is – as we have pointed out in these pages before – in ratings terms at least, the Paul McGann film was anything but a failure in the UK. In fact, it proved to be one of the drama hits of the year, and full series have been commissioned from significantly less successful pilots. At the very least it demonstrated a public appetite for *Doctor Who*. With American co-producer Universal's option on new material finally due to expire on 31 December (contrary to some earlier reports), perhaps the BBC will be able to examine the perceived strengths and weaknesses of the 1996 project and begin to formulate ideas for a more realistically judged budget and format for new *Doctor Who*.

Accepting this, many readers have written to **DWM** wondering why the TV Movie has not at least received a second airing. Surely, they point out, a summer repeat would have given BBC Worldwide – the commercial arm of the Corporation who co-funded the film – some additional mileage from the production to justify its original investment.

A fair point, perhaps, but it is easy to see from other examples that the BBC doesn't seem to hold up its 'failures' for reappraisal very often. It is rare for any programme which has stalled after a pilot, or even a whole first series, to be swiftly re-aired. In the fantasy field alone, what more was ever made of *Star Cops*, *Virtual Murder* or *The Tripods*? The same blight will almost certainly consign *Crime Traveller* to archive purgatory. In recent years, it appears that programmes are never repeated simply to 'give them another chance'. Instead, the BBC appears to only be able to justify repeats in three ways: as a warm-up to an imminent new series of the programme concerned; as part of a nostalgic retrospective or themed evening; or as a boost for associated merchandise. It used to be the case that *Doctor Who* was repeated for the first reason. Through the nineties, it has generally been for the second. Now, perhaps the time is right for the third to be employed.

This is not a cynical suggestion, and we can look to the BBC's continual re-screening of the three *Wallace and Gromit* animated films as an object lesson; the repeats keep the characters in the public eye and allow Worldwide to develop ever more attractive merchandise, which in turn leaves the BBC pleading with Aardman Animations for more raw material.

Over the past year, BBC Worldwide has launched a wide range of merchandise based on the series, aimed squarely at its more committed fans. Sadly, despite the fact that the series seems to still be held in fond regard by the wider TV audience, it has proven difficult for any *Doctor Who* product to find a new market. Certainly, episodes have been regularly repeated by the cable and satellite channel UK Gold since 1992, but there is little evidence of the series finding a new group of loyal fans in this arena.

So, if for no other reason than the clearest of commercial motives, perhaps it is time for Worldwide to bring what pressure they can to bear on the BBC to schedule a well-chosen run of repeat episodes on a terrestrial channel. 1998 is *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary year; not an immediately attention-grabbing number by any means, but surely significant enough to justify some kind of celebration on the part of the BBC?

We asked Steve Cole, *Doctor Who* publishing supremo at BBC Worldwide, if he felt that his organisation was in a position to successfully lobby for repeats. "Nothing would please the *Who* team here more," he replied. "While all our *Doctor Who* product is performing well in the marketplace, obviously extra exposure from terrestrial TV can only be a good thing – it's about time a new generation of viewers came to the show. And if the public get squarely behind *Doctor Who* again, who knows what we can achieve? I'd be very interested to hear your readers' views on this subject, let me know what they say!"

DWM wants to add its weight to a campaign for repeats as the first step on the road to a brand new series. Please feel free to send us your ideas or polite messages of support, and we will, equally politely, lobby on your behalf.

Win some tinsel!

January BBC Video release *Timelash* is reviewed on page 14 – but you can get your hands on one of ten copies in this special competition!

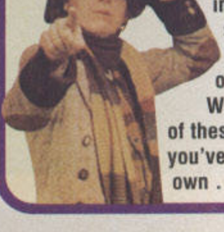
The story features Avon man Paul Darrow as the slimy Tekker – but to win, we'd like you to name any two other *Doctor Who* stories which feature leading *Blake's 7* actors in guest roles . . .

Write your answers and your name and address on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope, mark them WE MUST HAVE MORE GRAIN and send them to the editorial address on page 32 by 12 February. Multiple entries will be disqualified.

A whole new audience . . .

We've been pondering the ideal repeat season to accompany our mooted TV Movie re-screening. Anticipating a weekly slot at 6.00pm on BBC2, we came up with two possible formats . . .

DWM's own dream 'early Doctors' repeat season – restricted to one four-part or 100-minute story to represent each Doctor – would comprise: *The War Machines*, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *Spearhead From Space*, *The Robots of Death*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *The Mark of the Rani* and *The Curse of Fenric*.



Then again, is there any better way to showcase all the series' strengths – and give twentysomethings everywhere a heavy nostalgia kick in the process – than by simply running all the Fourth Doctor serials in order, from *Robot* on?

We'd welcome your opinion of these options – or maybe you've got suggestions of your own . . .

Chris Boucher to pen new Fourth Doctor novel

Popular screenwriter Chris Boucher will be behind next year's (provisionally titled) *Last Man Running* from BBC Books. It will feature the Fourth Doctor and Leela, a companion who made her first appearance in Chris' own TV serial *The Face of Evil*.

A further Eighth Doctor adventure has also been confirmed. *The Scarlet Empress* comes from experienced author Paul Magrs. One of Paul's earlier novels for Vintage was described by *The Guardian* as "*The Addams Family* rewritten by Alan Bennett". Sounds perfect for *Doctor Who*!

DOCTOR WHO
LEGACY OF THE DALEKS
JOHN PEEL

A busy first quarter of 1998 will see BBC Books heroes the Eighth Doctor and Sam catapulted across the universe to face enemies old and new in tales perhaps more strongly interlinked than usual.

February's *Option Lock* opens in present-day England. The TARDIS lands in the grounds of the Silver family's ancestral home, where the Doctor and Sam become embroiled in a plot which links a strange series of paintings, an ancient secret society and the threat of nuclear oblivion . . .

The following month's *Longest Day* is set on Hirath, a ravaged planet criss-crossed by colliding 'time fields'; its various areas are leased out to dubious groups by an unscrupulous corporation. Separated, Sam and the Doctor struggle to survive when a race of ghastly aliens, the Kusk, claim Hirath for their own . . .

Following on directly, April's *Legacy of the Daleks* begins with the Doctor searching for Sam in 22nd century London, a city still being rebuilt following the Daleks' invasion of Earth. There, he discovers that his grand-daughter Susan is likewise missing. And, elsewhere, an 'advisor' to the belligerent Lord Haldoran is linked to an effort to reactivate a certain device buried deep inside a mine shaft . . .

Of the 'early Doctors' adventures, February's *Eye of Heaven*, set in the 1860s and taking place between *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* and *Horror of Fang Rock*, concerns archaeologist Horace Stockwood's theft of a sacred stone from mysterious Easter Island. *The Witch Hunters*, set between Seasons One and Two, sees the First Doctor and friends arrive in Salem, Massachusetts, at the time of the infamous 'witch trials' – where Susan's latent telepathy is called into tragic focus . . . Meanwhile, scarecrows fashioned from the bodies of the dead stalk the 21st century village of Hexen Bridge in *The Hollow Men*, a Seventh Doctor saga occuring between *The Curse of Fenric* and *Survival*.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Seasonal shows The panto season provides plenty of opportunities to see many *Doctor Who* stars. The Wycombe Swan's production of *Cinderella* which runs between 12 December and 17 January features both **Bonnie Langford** in the title role and last-minute replacement **Deborah Watling** as the Fairy Godmother (box office 01494 512000). **Colin Baker** will be at the Theatre Royal Norwich as the Sheriff of Nottingham in *Babes in the Wood* from 20 December to 24 January (01603 630000). **Peter Davison** is Buttons in *Cinderella* at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge from 19 December to 17 January (01223 503333). *Robin Hood*, at the Lewisham Theatre London from 18 December to 18 January, stars **Sylvester McCoy** as the Sheriff of Nottingham (0181 690 0002). **Frazer Hines** makes his now almost annual pilgrimage to the Lincoln Theatre Royal for *Beauty and the Beast* where he plays the Beast's sidekick Simon de Cheveau from 18 December to 25 January (01552 525555).

Television **Colin Baker** has recorded his second guest appearance in the hospital drama *Casualty*, expected to be seen on BBC1 over Christmas. During February **Peter Davison** will be seen in BBC Education's three-part teenage pregnancy drama *Dear Nobody* as part of the long-running *Scene* strand. On 18 November **Mary Tamm** recorded an episode of Central TV's new comedy *Loved By You*, playing an actress who is cast as a character called Spy Girl. **Daphne Ashbrook** filmed a guest role as an organ-transplant recipient who dreams her husband is trying to kill her for *Eye of the Beholder*, an episode of *Sleepwalkers*. Unfortunately it aired in the US on 15 November, the Saturday following NBC's decision to cancel the series after only two editions!

Film **Paul McGann**'s *Fairytale: A True Story* opened strongly in the US, and is still in the Top 10 after three weeks having taken $11 million. McGann gave an acting masterclass at the Belfast Cinemagic International Film Festival For Young People during early December.

Obituary **Ron Tarr**, who was one of the prisoner extras in *Destiny of the Daleks*, died recently. Instantly recognisable, he will best be remembered for the 12 years he spent in *EastEnders* as Big Ron – as whom he featured in *Children in Need*'s 1993 *Doctor Who* crossover, *Dimensions in Time*.

Dominic May would like to thank the Doctor Who *cast, crew and their agents, Tony Jordan, Richard Mills, Margaret Newman, NGW Ltd, Gary Russell and David Saunders for assistance in compiling* Outside the Spaceship *during 1997.*

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

5 January
Video ***Timelash*** [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* £11.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Kursaal*** by Peter Anghelides [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Face of the Enemy*** by David A McIntee [The Master & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 January
Novel ***The New Adventures: Tempest*** by Christopher Bulis [Bernice & the People] *Virgin Books* £4.99

5 February
Novel ***Doctor Who: Option Lock*** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Eye of Heaven*** by Jim Mortimore [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
HORROR OF FANG ROCK
TOM BAKER

19 February
Novel ***The New Adventures: Walking to Babylon*** by Kate Orman [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

2 March
Video ***Doctor Who: Battlefield*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)
Novel ***Doctor Who: Longest Day*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Witch Hunters*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Susan] *BBC Books* £4.99
Short stories ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [all Doctors] *BBC Books* £4.99
Audio ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [all Doctors] Read by Nicholas Courtney & Sophie Aldred *BBC* £tba

19 March
Novel ***The New Adventures: Oblivion*** by Dave Stone [Bernice, Jason, Chris & Roz Forrester] *Virgin* £4.99

7 April
Novel ***Doctor Who: Legacy of the Daleks*** by John Peel [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Hollow Men*** by Martin Day & Keith Topping [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

16 April
Novel ***The New Adventures: The Medusa Effect*** by Justin Richards [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

4 May
Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

21 May
Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

1 June
Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Mission Impractical*** by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 July
Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

4 August
Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 September
Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

6 October
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £tba
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £tba

3 November
Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

“I was happy to just stand at the back looking interested”

Few *Doctor Who* regulars had to bear as much fan criticism and vitriol as **Bonnie Langford** – and that was before she had even set foot in a studio. Despite her reservations regarding talking about the past, here she submits to an exclusive interview for DWM. Her interrogator? Only fellow series sidekick **Sophie Aldred** . . .

Thinking about it, I would never have cast myself in the role of fairy godmother; somehow wings and tutu don't go with my image. However, when **DWM**'s Gary Gillatt confessed recently to a yearning to run an interview with the hitherto un-interviewed Bonnie Langford, I decided to wave my magic wand and to do a spot of wish-granting.

I wouldn't exactly class Bonnie as a close friend of mine – we've only seen each other on a handful of occasions since she got whisked back to the world of musicals and I, as Ace, took over her bunk in the TARDIS . . .

Check-in desk, Gatwick airport: I'm about to leave on a flight to New York for a *Doctor Who* convention. That shock of curly red hair in front of me turns out to be Bonnie, off for a shopping trip with her Mum. She greets me warmly as ever, and once aboard, invites me up to business class (oh, blessed relief!) for a cup of tea and a chat.

Party to celebrate the umpteenth performance of *Me and My Girl* at the Aldwych theatre in the Strand: as Bonnie and I stand in the foyer chatting about life in general some journalist approaches and starts gushing about Bonnie's appearance – her new haircut, how well she's looking. “Darling, you look so gorgeous, what have you done?” Sharp as a pin, Bonnie turns to him: “Well, I've put on weight and I'm wearing half-a-ton of make-up!”

Studio B14, BBC Broadcasting House: live recording of *Loose Ends* with Ned Sherrin. Ned tells a theatrical anecdote about Noel Coward, a very young Bonnie and a horse which defecated on stage during a performance of *Gypsy*. “They should have shoved the child up the horse's backside,” intoned dear Noel, apparently. Not at all perturbed, Bonnie counters with her own story. And then the poor woman has to put up with a public apology from me about how I had scabies during the recording of *Dragonfire* – and how worried I was that she might have caught it!

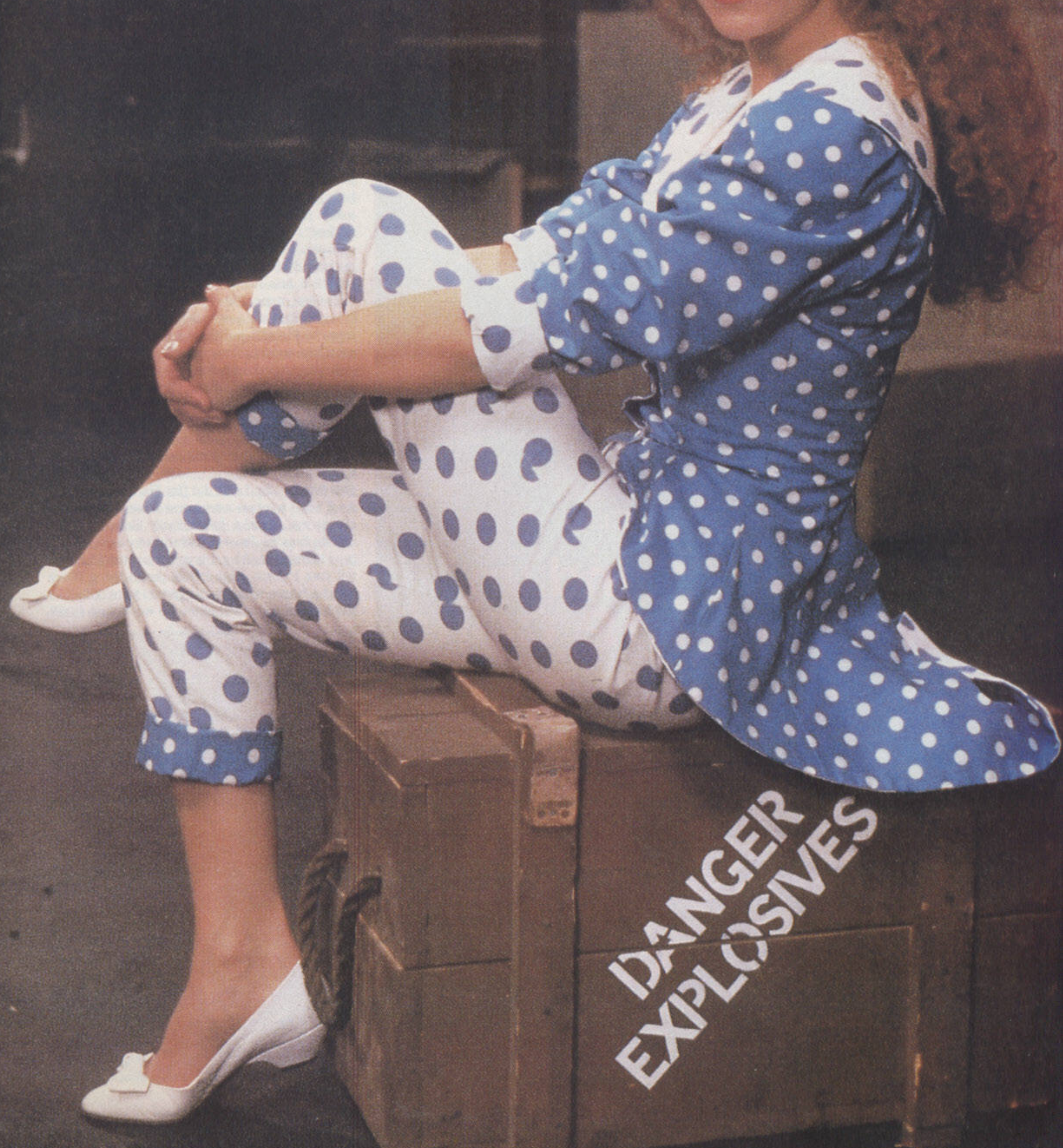
I hadn't seen her since then, so I was slightly worried she might never want to speak to me again . . . However, I call Bonnie and she agrees to do an interview almost straight away – after I explain that the **DWM** trend in the wake of producer John Nathan-Turner's memoirs has been very much ‘warts and all’.

I ring Gary, fairy wand still tingling with star-dust, and he faxes me some questions which I shall try to put to Bonnie, although she has said she would rather talk about what she's doing now – *Doctor Who* is in the past, and she's definitely the kind of gal who likes moving on up, moving on out.

Small café table outside coffee shop off Oxford Street: I've taken **DWM**s 245 (in which JN-T talks about the casting of Bonnie and of her first season) and 255 (the one edited by yours truly!) to show Bonnie what she's in for. The sun's shining, Bonnie's cappuccino is frothing and my dictaphone keeps falling over.

Two ex-companions in space and time, and this is what we said:

►



PEASE POTTAGE

> I did Doctor Who to recuperate from being ill, but I always seemed to end up stuck in the cold

Sophie Did you ever imagine you'd be looking at photos of you in a magazine ten years on, and that people would be longing to read an interview with you?

Bonnie I started doing two series and that's all I thought I would be wanted for, really. I never saw it as something I would do for the rest of my days. You do it, and leave while you're doing it – quit while you're ahead. But then I never really appreciated that one wasn't just doing a job in a television series, you were entering a family – joining a tradition.

Sophie How did you get involved in *Doctor Who* in the first place?

Bonnie I think JN-T knew my then agent [Barry Burnett], came to see me in *Peter Pan*, and offered me the job.

Sophie Had you met JN-T before?

Bonnie I think we may have met at some 'do' – in fact I know exactly when we met, it was in Joe Allen's [a showbizzy restaurant where everybody goes "Darling, darling how are you?" all the time] after a show. John came in with, I think, Faith Brown – who had just been in *Doctor Who* – and I said, "Oh great, that sounds hysterical, great fun." And I don't know whether it was that meeting – something in the back of his mind, or what. Then, when I went to see him about it, JN-T said, "I've got this character, do you think it's you?" I said, "No, it doesn't, but it sounds like something I could do!" I didn't really appreciate that what he was saying to me was basically offering me this job. I'd been doing a lot of really heavy-duty work – *Peter Pan* was up to 12 shows a week, a show that was flying, fighting . . . I was quite ill actually, I had tonsillitis the whole time. So in fact I did *Doctor Who* as a recuperation period! I could be at home. But then some of the filming I had to do . . . I'd finished in *Peter Pan* on the Saturday night and we had to film at six o'clock the next morning. I had to be in Stroud in a quarry [for *Time and the Rani*]. So I didn't go to bed at all, I just went straight there. This famous picture of me in a bubble! I had been asleep, I had conked out in a Land Rover in the middle of a quarry and they came and woke me up. I hadn't got a clue where I was – you know when you wake up, you've been asleep, and you think, "What am I doing in a film set? Who are these people walking around in wellies and anoraks?" They said, "Stand on a rock in the middle of that pond there and act as though you're in a bubble." So I was a bit out of it, which is probably why it looked so effective. I did *Doctor Who* in order to recuperate, to be in the warm at home – and there I was stuck in a blinking quarry!

Sophie Did you ever have any say in your character? I remember when I did it I didn't really realise it wasn't like a theatre job, that you weren't meant to have input in the character's development, but script editor Andrew Cartmel was keen for me to contribute. Did you have that chance?

Bonnie Not really, I don't think so – not that I remember. I used to keep cutting myself out of things: "Oh, you don't need me to say 'But Doctor!' there." I liked being able to say something but I didn't just want to keep saying, "Oh but Doctor, oh why?" – the interjections. I used to try and say, "This is just cluttering it up and you're giving me a line because you think I should have a line. It's OK. I don't mind standing in the background just looking interested . . ." I remember them re-writing my last scene [in *Dragonfire*] because they gave me some kind of scene that was really naff. Didn't I say, "Oh God, I need a bucket!"?

Sophie Well, the other reason why they had to re-write that scene was that we were swapping roles – it was Ace who was originally going off with Glitz, remember.

Bonnie Yes, it's quite a strange thought really. I suppose I'm still out there somewhere whizzing round space with Tony Selby!

Sophie A touch of naïveté on my part was that I did a lot of my own stunts. You were much more experienced, though. How did you cope with the more physical side of the role – all the running around in quarries?

Bonnie I said, "I'm not overly keen on the old fire and water business, but OK, alright then . . ." First filming day I ever did [for *The Trial of a Time Lord*] I had to open a door and a load of fire came out at me. Thanks, John! *Really* like you! Then during *Paradise Towers* I had to go in a swimming pool being chased by this crab monster. I have to tell you, I nearly died in this damn thing. They hired a house which belonged to somebody like the Iranian Prime Minister who was trying to sell

With Mark Greenstreet in a Stroud quarry for *Time and the Rani*

BBC [1] BBC Video [2]

Wasn't I meant to be some kind of health freak, always drinking carrot juice?

it and didn't live in it. He had some staff who were living in a tiny portion of it. Anyway, they hired his swimming pool in order to do these scenes, and put some automaton in the bottom – a robot crab that would come and attack me. I said, "If you're going to do major underwater stunts then get somebody in – I won't want to do all that." So they said, "Fine, no problem." They had a crane shot and the director was really sweet – very gentle. What they hadn't told us – whether it was the people who owned the house or whether John thought "just tell her and she won't moan" – but this pool had not been heated for about two years. The special effects boys were in the pool in wetsuits and couldn't stay in for longer that about half an hour. They said, "Right, we're going to do this little scene and then you're going to get in the pool, then we'll stop and do the other bit." They had warned me it was cold. And I said, "Can I ask you a favour then, can we do it all in one and get it over with – don't stop and leave me in this pool." I went in and was meant to say, "Oh the water's lovely! Isn't it super?" I got in there and [here Bonnie does a pretty accurate impression of a drowning chihuahua with hypothermia] I could not speak! The *cold*! It was so cold! I got out of the pool and they got hairdriers to dry me off. Then I discovered the next day that the crew were all going into this sauna that they'd got working in the other room. So I was sitting in there the next day which was alright. They got this brilliant girl – I don't know how she did it. They put her in a wig, which she said was fantastic because it kept some heat in her head, and she had some lard like cross-channel swimmers use, and she piled it on me and on her. So I had one more shot to do the next day and fortunately I managed to do it. But couldn't they have got somewhere with a heated pool? Is this too much to ask?

Sophie I had pretty much the same problem with near death from cold in Lulworth Cove during *The Curse of Fenric*. I was shipped out to a rocky outcrop with Sylv – in his duffle coat, to add insult to injury – and then had to dive in a few times. I'm sure they could have found a nice warm tank somewhere for the underwater shots. You couldn't even see that it was me!

Bonnie Why did we do it? Maybe that's why I left! "I'll go before I'm killed!" [we both laugh through gritted teeth]. It's something I carry forever as my scar of *Doctor Who*.

Sophie It was quite odd the way you were introduced halfway through *The Trial of a Time Lord*. Did you know what was going on?

Bonnie They kept saying they normally would do some kind of a lead-in. Like your story where you were there on that planet working as a waitress in that funny bar, but I never had that, I just appeared from nowhere.

Sophie So what did happen?

Bonnie I don't know! I just turned up one day I think [laughs]. I have no idea . . . I was just there . . . I can't remember!

Sophie Mel was much more classic *Doctor Who* girl material than Ace, didn't you think? You did lots of running around and screaming and I blew things up.

Bonnie I suppose so. They always seemed more worried about what I wore than characterisation. It was all about what I was going to wear, and I wasn't really that bothered.

Sophie That was something else I didn't realise, coming from a theatre background. I just basically said what Ace was going to wear and they went along with it! Naïveté gets you everywhere. Did you have a say in your costumes?

Bonnie I didn't choose outright but I certainly was able to say, let's have this or that. I preferred it when we went shopping and just bought something. The stuff they made me was great – always a bit posey to a degree. I had an outrageous outfit which they made because Kate O'Mara [as the Rani, in *Time and the Rani*] had to wear the same thing, which was a stripey orange top and white trousers. White trousers, in a quarry? I mean, wardrobe's person's nightmare. At first I had to wear really high heels. It was very difficult because the first set we had was this courtroom set [in *The Trial of a Time Lord*], and I probably had to run all over the place. I'd walk on the wooden rostra and it would make a terrible noise and they'd have to do something to make it stop sounding so hollow. It was difficult to walk in high heels, but I had to because Colin [Baker] was so much taller than me and I couldn't get in any two shots.

Sophie So much better when Sylv came along!

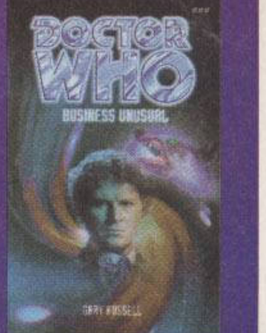
Bonnie Yes, at least I could lower my heels – I could wear flat shoes! Colin's a big guy and I was

Exercising cheesy grins – if nothing else – in the Hyperion III gym with Colin Baker and Honor Blackman. *The Trial of a Time Lord*

DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
MILLENNIAL RITES
CRAIG HINTON

THE NEW
Doctor WHO
ADVENTURES
HEAD GAMES
STEVE LYONS

THE NEW
Doctor WHO
ADVENTURES
JUST WAR
LANCE PARKIN



The further adventures of Melanie Bush

Played by an established celebrity, Melanie Bush is a character overwhelmed by prior perception of the performer who realised her. In print, however, authors for Virgin Publishing and BBC Books have found themselves forced to look beyond the superficial.

Dave Owen speaks to four novelists to have used Melanie – and asks them where they have found inspiration in Bonnie Langford's television performance . . .

Lance Parkin, who featured Mel in flashback scenes in *Just War*, observes that: "All the other eighties companions get an introduction in which their relatives die and their home is turned upside-down, except Mel. She's rare in not being an orphan."

Steve Lyons planned to fill this gap in *Time of Your Life*: "I submitted it as the first Mel story – knowing that I'd be doing *Head Games* – because I thought it would be nice to do her first and last stories. Mel would have been at a Tokyo computer conference. I would have been able to cut away from the Doctor a lot longer and have a whole second plotline, because everyone would have known who she was, but they would only meet at the end."

It eventually fell to Gary Russell to give Mel an introduction in *Business Unusual*. "There wasn't much on television to hint at her roots. There are little comments, say about books she's read, in Pip and Jane Baker's stuff, but from *Paradise Towers* onwards she's given no background whatsoever. She's from Pease Pottage and her garden has a compost heap, so from that it must be quite a big posh house – I imagine her as being frightfully Sussex middle-class. The whole university thing is something I picked up from Craig . . ."

Millennial Rites author Craig Hinton elaborates. "Mel is criticised for screaming a lot, but she does come across as being quite brave up at to a point, and also as extremely intelligent, so I played on that and made her almost a genius. That doesn't explain why she was going to a second-rate university. I had her obliged to go to that university because her parents went there, rather than Oxford or Cambridge." Continues Gary: "Look at her in *Delta and the Bannermen*, and she is magnificent, a proper *Doctor Who* companion. She has a very strong scene with Gavrok after he's just destroyed the bus, and a load of people that Mel's made friends with have been blown to smithereens. Her perception is what yours or mine would be – panic mixed with fury, and then fear setting in as you think, 'This guy's pointing a gun at me.' All those things come over. That is the pinnacle Mel moment."

Craig disagrees. "My favourite Mel scene is at the end of Part Nine of *The Trial of a Time Lord* where she screams – classic *Doctor Who* with the monsters breaking out. We had lost the independent sassy females and gone all the way back to the Jo Grant era. Mel was brave to a point but as soon as she realised she was out of her depth, she would panic.

Steve adds: "When she was written well, I think she was a lot stronger than that. If she believed in something, and had decided that was right, she would try to force it to happen. And not just with the Doctor – once she met Glitz, she decided how he should live his life and made sure he did. The very last scene in *Dragonfire* defines her well. You could imagine her striking out on her own rather than going back to the settled life like a lot of them did. It was time to leave the Doctor, because she'd found something that she really wanted to change and take charge of."

And what of Bonnie Langford herself? Steve puts it best: "She isn't well served by the series that's going on around her. Bonnie Langford's really the only companion more famous than the Doctor she's with. There could really have been a partnership there that wasn't really exploited, a lot of potential that wasn't exploited on screen."

minute compared to him. Wasn't I meant to be some kind of health freak always drinking carrot juice?

Sophie Did that kind of thing cheese you off?

Bonnie Yeah, a little bit. I just thought, "Oh well".

Sophie Did you ever try to do anything about it?

Bonnie No, to be honest. You know how when you're presented with something, you just do it. If it really bugs you, you can turn round and say something, but until you're established in what you're doing and you know what you're about you just try and do what is written – quite rightly, you try to do your job.

Sophie You were talking about Kate O'Mara earlier. What did it feel like to have her impersonating you in that story? Did you know anything about it?

Bonnie Oh yes, absolutely! I coached her. It was great fun. We sat in a corner of the rehearsal studio and I said all her lines and she copied me! She was brilliant. We had to do this scene where we were hanging upside-down for ages and I thought, "no problem" – because I had just been flying so much with *Peter Pan*. But the harnesses were so uncomfortable. They were the same kind we used in *Dragonfire*, d'you remember, when we had to go down that ice cliff.

Sophie Oh yeah, they were horrible – like having a couple of car seatbelts between your legs . . .

At the time you did *Doctor Who* there was a lot of criticism of the series. The more vociferous fans were slagging off JN-T and were saying that the programme had got very Light Entertainment and not serious enough. Were you aware of it? Did it affect you?

Bonnie Not really. I think it's very easy to criticise anything, and it is very easy to criticise something when you're sitting at home in you own living room and you're looking at a little box and you haven't been there. This isn't an excuse, but none of us knew what was coming from up above, from the BBC seventh floor saying, "This is what is required of this series." None of us really know the minute details and the hassles that go on. There was an element of people wanting it always to be the same. Well, unfortunately, you can't make it happen like that. I'd never seen *Doctor Who*. When I was a kid I was terrified – I'd hear the music and I'd go and hide behind the fridge. "Aaaggh, no! *Doctor Who*'s on!"

Sophie Behind the fridge? That's a new one! It's usually behind the sofa.

Bonnie Oh yes! Behind the fridge . . . you know, to cool off! Then, after that, I was working doing matinees on a Saturday. So it was all a bit alien to me in a way. But you can't say that you could put on *Doctor Who* as it was originally or even in its heydays, in Tom Baker days or whatever, and now put it up against something like *The X Files*. That's not necessarily to do with science fiction TV, it's to do with television in general. At that point, MTV suddenly was on, pop videos, all those kind of things. Suddenly people were becoming very sophisticated with television in general and yet John was being expected to do the quality of production that they'd have on a video where the budget was at least two noughts more. Although the BBC had great facilities still then, they were very much behind all the major technology that was changing almost on a daily basis. It's very easy to say, "We don't like it", but at the end of the day we produced a product that was very very good, and very appealing, obviously, because it still continues. One doesn't know at that time what the politics were surrounding it. I think that's the case with so many things. A lot of people like or don't like something for different reasons and with *Doctor Who* a lot of it was to do with nostalgia – " I remember this when I was young." It was almost like watching a soap, year-in, year-out. When they change the character or someone leaves everyone gets upset and they go, "Oh no, it's not going to be the same without Thelma Barlow!" But it moves on, and it happens, and you get used to it.

[At this point Bonnie looks over and scans my sheet of **DWM**'s questions, and things begin to get a bit silly . . .]

Bonnie "How do you feel you were regarded by your fellow actors?" I haven't got a clue! You get on really well. That's something you do all the time. This is what I find funny sometimes when people talk about *Doctor Who*. It's as if it's a different profession. It's a job! It might be a nice job, it might be whatever, but it's a job and it has a natural life and it's part of you life, it's not your whole life and I don't want to put it down, but that question would apply to anything that I do. A lot of people think that it's something different, and that's fine – but it is the same.

Sophie For you, particularly, it's not been a particularly important part of your career, has it? You were the one companion to my limited knowledge who was already a 'name' before you came into it. For the rest of us it was a big break.

Bonnie It wasn't a major change in my life. It was just something nice to do workwise.

Sophie For me it was my first telly.

Bonnie Weren't we in make-up and I said, "Well, I'll just meet you on the set," and you said, "I've never been in a TV studio before," and I said, "Come on, you'll be alright!"?

Sophie You were great, you really showed me what to do!

Bonnie I remember I told you, "If you look in that direction you'll cut your angle, so just stand flat on and they can get the shot."

Time and the Rani: Kate O'Mara plays the Rani, playing Mel. "I coached her!" admits Bonnie

Sophie You pointed up towards the boom and whispered, "Don't say anything too personal!"

Bonnie Yes, I remember – Big Brother's listening! I've been in situations where you feel awful because you think you've done something wrong and you get this note in front of the whole studio about something really stupid, and you feel such an idiot. It's always nice for someone to whisper, "Move over, you're in the wrong place . . . that's right, fine!" Then the others think you've done it on your own initiative or instinct. The last thing you want is for somebody to make out that you're an idiot in front of the whole crew.

Sophie "Yes, you actually have your back to the camera, Sophie!" "Oh, *that's* the camera is it? . . . Right!" I remember going up to [production manager] Gary Downie on the last day of rehearsals and quietly saying, "Where *is* TV Centre?"

Oh, you'll love this question. "Did any *Doctor Who* script particularly excite you?" [loud shrieks of laughter from both sides of the table]

Bonnie I don't think I'll answer that one! Not that I remember. When I'd get the script I used to have to write myself little synopses because we filmed in such a strange order.

Sophie Oh yes! I remember you doing that now. I thought that's what you had to do in TV, so I did it too for a while!

Bonnie I used to write little stories of the scenes, of how many times I'd met the monster. I could never remember because most of the scenes were the same – Mel runs down the corridor, sees the monster and runs off. So I used to write, "Which

> It seemed that more thought went into what I would be wearing than characterisation

Gunning for *Delta and the Bannermen*'s critics ...

one is this? Is this an 'Oh my God, him again!' or an 'Aaagh, what's that?' or an 'AAAAGH!!! This is it, final insult!'?" So I had to phase my screams – don't give it away all at once.

Sophie Don't peak too early! Were you aware that Ray [in *Delta and the Bannermen*] and Ace were both written as possible replacements for you?

Bonnie Yes, I knew that. It's pretty accurate what JN-T wrote in this bit of his memoirs.

Sophie Here's a good question, and I think I know the answer. "What did Mel do for your acting career? Do you feel you came out of *Doctor Who* a better actor than when you went in?"

Bonnie No! [laughs] I don't know. It was a job.

Sophie Did you learn anything? I know I did.

Bonnie Oh, probably. I learned how to stifle a corpse! We had a couple of scenes which we literally couldn't get through rehearsals for laughing.

Sophie Oh, which were they? Spill the beans, Bonnie!

Bonnie One was in that one with Mark Greenstreet [*Time and the Rani*], where he has to be cradled in Wanda Ventham's arms. They played it way over the top in rehearsals and somehow we could never do it without everyone bursting out laughing! Everyone got really cross with us on set because we were wasting money as time ticked away. Then there was an earlier story where we were being chased around by these rubber plant things which had faces like bottoms!

Sophie You can never quite explain what makes you corpse, can you? Did you learn anything else?

Bonnie Certainly doing *Doctor Who* was good acting practice. I perhaps would have liked a little more substance. Maybe I felt as though I was a bit surplus to requirements at times, which is why I would write myself out. I would say "It's not that I don't what to be in this, but I think you've written me in because you feel you should, and it's alright, you don't have to." Maybe I was a bit strange like that, but I'm one of these people who feels I don't want to be in something for the sake of being in it. I'll be in a scene, do something, and then go. I didn't want to be one of those assistants who was always getting in trouble and the Doctor had to come and save you – oh, stupid female, get out of that one. I wanted to have a bit more brain than that. It's a shame in a way that I didn't do anything with a computer. I don't think I ever touched a computer and I was supposed to be some kind of computer programmer. But never mind, that was fine. To be honest, it was good fun, and yes, I probably did well with having acting practice and that was about it really. It's great that it's gone all over the world and it's great that it's so popular.

[Bonnie has picked up **DWM** once more and is flicking through the pages]

This is a very glamorous picture of Sylvester here, he's all dolled up! Looks very smart, very dapper!

Bonnie He's got into wearing baggy suits – gets all his clothes in America when he goes over for *Doctor Who* conventions.

Bonnie Who's this chap?

Sophie [feeling anoraky] That's Mark Strickson.

Bonnie He was on the convention I did in America and was the only one with a sense of humour! Everyone else was so serious. They had this security guard at the end of the corridor in the hotel where we were in New Jersey. We did two conventions, one there and one in Pittsburgh or Philadelphia or somewhere. I was finding it hysterical. I hadn't even been in a show by then, let alone seen a script or watched the show – I didn't know anything! It was the blind leading the blind. But John was great. He looked after me. Anyway, back to Mark. There was this fire alarm in the middle of the night. I got up and thought, "OK, better get out." Rang down, there was no reply. So got some clothes on, opened the door and there was nobody else at all apart from Mark. We said "What shall we do?" The security guard wasn't at the end of the corridor. We said, "S'pose we'd better go!" So we went down this fire escape with nobody else getting up, nobody else at all. Got down the fire escape, got out the back door and the door slams behind us and we're on a freeway! So we thought, "We'll have to go round the front." So we're wandering round this whole hotel through the back streets. And we eventually get to the front door, walk in and say, "Were we dreaming this? Was there a fire alarm and how come nobody else got up?" And this woman said [good American drawl], "No Ma'am, it was just a false alarm – a frying pan in the kitchen." Mark had put his trousers over his pyjamas, all rolled up. It was so funny. There was a chap who played the Master [Anthony Ainley] – he was there. He was sweet – lovely man. We did some kind of cabaret and I did a bit of my act. They all thought I was Bernadette Peters – that's nice!

On Doctor Who I would react to the work in a certain way . . .
I'd get terribly uptight and in control.
If I had a spare hour,
I would go to the gym

Sophie What did you go on to do after *Doctor Who*?

Bonnie I went straight on to do a musical in Birmingham and Manchester called *Charlie Girl*. In fact John came to see it and he started giving me notes – sweet and lovely! Then I went into *Me and My Girl* straight after that, and then I did a tour of *Pirates of Penzance*. I went into theatre really, and did lots of stuff and my own radio stuff. I do like it, I do enjoy it. There isn't any light entertainment on telly any more. I just continued from then on. I did a lot of radio plays. And a play with Joan Collins back at the Beeb. I've done loads of stuff.

Sophie What do you want to do now?

Bonnie Well, I've set up a production company with my husband and we're producing the musical *Sweet Charity*. It's no good sitting around saying, "They don't do things properly any more" and "Those were the days!" and all that. You've got to get out there and do it, and *Sweet Charity* is a brilliant musical with a script by Neil Simon, a score by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields with things like *Hey Big Spender* in it, and *The Rhythm of Life*, and choreography by Bob Fosse. We're going to start it next year. It's something we've been working on for about two-and-a-half to three years. A labour of love but also a very good learning process. It teaches you resourcefulness as well and you've got to learn to push. I don't think I'd have done it if my husband hadn't been around because we push each other and we set all this up. Properly. You can't just sit around saying, "Oh, I'm not doing what I really want to do" – you get out and do it. Plus you want to employ the people you know who are trained or creative, or who have talents in certain areas and they're not being used nowadays. The production company is not just for theatre. I've got two ideas for television series which are out at the moment. In between that, I do my own show round the country.

Sophie Is that the one I saw at the Green Room at the Café Royal last year, *The Other Side of Me*?

Bonnie Yes, but I've made it into a full two-act show which I do in theatres now. Still just the five boys [musicians and musical director] and me. So we've added a bit and tidied up things. We don't do anything from *Doctor Who* [smiles].

Sophie No screaming?

Bonnie No screaming at all, not in any key [Bonnie was once asked after a producer's run to scream in a certain key so that they could blend it into the music for the end credits!] – although I sing a song called *I'm Tone Deaf* and it's similar! But I don't really talk about *Doctor Who*. One day there will be a book and no doubt there will be a *Doctor Who* section. It was good fun, I had a good time.

Sophie How many years have you been doing all this now?

Bonnie 26 years. So two summers on a television series is not really a lot.

Sophie D'you think that getting married has changed you?

Bonnie Yeah [very contented sigh]. Yes. I know that the way I reacted to certain things in *Doctor Who*, I'd get quite uptight or be terribly in control. If we had a spare hour I'd go off to the gym – well, now I'd have a coffee and enjoy it. Just enjoy the time I'm in a place and not try and cram everything in and be so on top of everything.

Mel's revised leaving scene replaced a "really naff" version which had Bonnie reaching for a bucket

The Trial of a Time Lord

Sophie Why were you like that, do you think?

Bonnie It was just a phase in my own make up I was going through, as you do sometimes. You go through something where you think, "I've got to do this and I've got to do that" – you'll be working terribly hard and thinking "I've got to be really on the ball." I was at a point where I felt that if I didn't do all my exercise everything would fall apart. It was just a period I was going through which happened to be at the time I was doing *Doctor Who*. Nowadays I would probably be able to have more fun or be able to turn round and say [affectionately], "Oh stop it!" If I didn't like something I would be able to say, "Could we do something different?" I never sat with everyone else having my lunch, I would go out exercising.

Sophie I remember you eating a handful of vitamin pills for your lunch and being worried about you. And d'you remember one morning before rehearsals we were in the loo and you told me you'd sprained your ankle jogging before you came to work? You had your foot strapped up for several days but no-one else knew.

Bonnie Yes, I was a loner.

And, on that bittersweet note, Bonnie remembers that her car has almost overstayed its welcome on a meter. As luck would have it, my tape has just run out, so we say our fond farewells and I hop on the bus back to Charing Cross.

No, I wouldn't count Bonnie as a close friend, but as the bus rounds the corner into Regent Street, yet again I feel glad that such a thoroughly nice person is occasionally part of my life. DWM

Shelf Life

In which Dave Owen submits to a tinsel-clad flogging

and BBC Books whip up something hairy for Doctor number Eight

DOCTOR WHO: TIMELASH

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The Sixth Doctor and Peri **RRP** £11.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6329 **Available** 5 January

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
TIMELASH
STARRING COLIN BAKER

Hopes that your video reviewer might be spared the lash were dashed upon hearing that writer Glen McCoy's sole contribution to *Doctor Who* was next up in BBC Video's release schedule. Upon telling friends the news of *Timelash*'s imminent issue, raised eyebrows were inevitably accompanied by the phrase "scraping the bottom of the barrel". However, a little contemplation yields the insight that of the three remaining unreleased Colin Baker adventures, only this one boasts a boldness of design that can begin to match the bravura that is BBC Worldwide's current house style for *Doctor Who* packaging, making it a natural candidate for release.

An undeniable component of stories edited by Eric Saward was 'people standing around in the TARDIS arguing'. This criterion had been refined by 1985 to specify 'instead of materialising and joining in the story', and is exemplified by *Timelash*. The way to enjoy Part One at its best is to imagine that you are watching *Whose Line is it Anyway?*, and that Clive Anderson has just asked Mike McShane and Josie Lawrence to improvise around the premise that *Doctor Who* is being broadcast live, and the set for the alien world they are about to visit has yet to be prepared; they must busk an opening scene for as long as it takes to get the other set ready. Cruelly, Clive never touches the buzzer and the poor performers are forced to resort to desperate measures, like strapping into never-before-seen TARDIS safety belts, and reminiscing about stories they did not appear in.

Another way that *Timelash* resembles improvisational theatre is the overwhelming quantity of expositional dialogue – people telling each other what they should already know for the viewers' benefit. A necessary evil in drama, it can be accomplished with subtlety and aplomb. But here it sounds like Radio Four's *The Masterson Inheritance*, with the inhabitants of Karfel dropping in verbal captions like "our former allies, the Bandrils" and "All 500 of us?", as though trying to catch each other off guard.

***Timelash* is the kind of story that *Doctor Who* fans secretly love**

Karfel is an unusual world. There are no windows, and no one ever goes outdoors – possibly because they are too busy staying in and talking about themselves before being arrested. The Borad is a firm but friendly dictator, relying on his Maylin, a kind of despot-without-portfolio, to do his dirty work. This mostly involves banishing subversives, and appears to comprise the majority of constitutional process on Karfel, since the instrument for their banishment, the Timelash itself, is permanently located in the council chamber. We are told carefully that there are no mirrors here, but this is quite unnecessary given one look at the noble lady Vena, whose blusher could only have been applied without the aid of one – making her resemble either a New Romantic or a freshly battered wife.

Most of the dialogue is delivered in the familiar, earnest manner that has been consistently employed over the years to lend weight to rubbishy unscientific children's SF. One performance stands out, however. Paul Darrow, driven by an ambition to outshine either the sparkling scenery or the Doctor's costume, enjoys every minute of being Maylin Tekker, and cannot be watched without smiling. Never boring, this enjoyable hokum is the kind of story that *Doctor Who* fans secretly love, yet never, ever, show to cynics – hence, I suspect, those misgivings about its release and my own nomination of its closing scene as the most embarrassing *Doctor Who* moment ever [see *Space buns and tea*, **DWM** 256].

All the more surprising in a plot that seems like a weak echo of the previous year's *The Caves of Androzani* are three events towards the end of Part One. The materialisation of a modernist Karfelon android in flames in the midst of a battle sequence in the cave system is both shocking and visually memorable, like a Benetton advertisement (it's unfortunate that a few scenes later Tekker casually describes the Doctor as "about as useful as a burnt-out android", as if they combusted regularly and the previous spectacle was nothing special). The image of a human ruler on screen concealing an alien villain had been seen before in *The Macra Terror*, but when the truth is revealed here it is with an uncharacteristically non-verbal panache. Best of all is the temporary shift in locale to the Scotland of 1885, which introduces an essential *Doctor Who* anachronistic juxtaposition in the form of the young HG Wells. David Chandler's Wells – enthusiastic, chivalrous and above all stupid – interacts wonderfully with Colin Baker's Doctor in scenes which bring a rare comic warmth to this bleak period of *Doctor Who*, and make him a far more likeable companion than poor Peri, still a grotesque parody of femininity (by turns mouthy, desirable, and hysterical) even without the leotard and stilettoes.

Like *The Rocky Horror Show*, this one could be a surprise hit, with costumed late-night screenings held for repeat attendees to join in with the dialogue and throw things at Tekker. I'd go as Vena! Yes, let's do the *Timelash* again. And again!

DOCTOR WHO: KURSAAL

Novel BBC Books **Author** Peter Anghelides **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor and Sam **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40578 3 **Available** 5 January 1998

Defenders of *Doctor Who*, championing it above other sagas of the improbable, inevitably end up offering the triumphant paradox that *Doctor Who*'s unique format is that (an evangelical gleam in the eye appears here) *it has no format*! Strange then, I often think, that the same things should keep happening with such comforting regularity. Just look at *Timelash*, which not only restates plots ideas from the past but serves as an overture for a villain's sudden death and 'surprise' resurrection in the very next story. So if *Doctor Who* doesn't have a format, then it certainly has a formula – a list of ingredients which recur frequently in (one hopes) original combinations.

DOCTOR WHO
KURSAAL
PETER ANGHELIDES

I had to check the name of the publisher of *Kursaal*, because it opens with a besieged young female archaeologist excavating an ancient alien culture at the behest of a deeply unlikeable industrialist – but this isn't one of Virgin's Bernice Summerfield novels, and nor is it the Target novelisation of *Earthshock*, despite expedition members' vital signs vanishing from displays one by one, or the presence of an underground bomb. It is, however, an immediately arresting opening, and if these allusions help the reader visualise the story this early, then all the better. Indeed, the backdrop of Saturnia Regna, an ancient world being bulldozed into becoming Kursaal, a Theme Park world with the intellectual depth of Disneyland and the moral fibre of Sun City, is so interesting that I was not at all impatient for the Doctor and Sam to arrive.

When they do, the adventure (as specifically opposed to mere plot, scenario, or story) they join is far more upbeat than might be expected from Peter Anghelides in a first novel following on from two distinctly morbid introspectives in the *Decalog* anthologies. The *Doctor Who* in which the TARDIS lands just in the aftermath of a foul deed is redeployed for maximum effect, with its occupants being forced to assume false identities yet again to temporarily escape suspicion. Little dashes of sombre shading are most effective in making *Kursaal* more than a mindless run-around – there is terrorist activity on the planet, and a steady downpour of rain – which somehow raise the budget of the minds' eye production, suggesting an eighties cinematic dystopia such as *Aliens* or *Blade Runner*. And the medical subterfuge employed by the Doctor and Sam means that Sam has cause to dwell illustratively on her father's medical career and reminds us that this new Doctor finds hospitals (and morgues in particular) about as welcoming as his predecessors might have found crystal caves or radio telescopes.

Sombre shading makes *Kursaal* more than a mindless runaround

Despite well-documented infatuations with Shelley, Poe, and Stoker, television *Doctor Who* has only before featured one solitary werewolf. They get the full treatment here; just as *Doctor Who* writers have been science-fictionalising vampires in print for years, the werewolf myth in countless cultures is explained – and, naturally enough, one of the sympathetic characters becomes transmogrified. Using familiar mythical enemies like this greatly facilitates the 'behind you!' technique, where the audience is aware of the presence or nature of a threat to the heroes before they are – and putting a picture of a wolf howling at the full moon on the cover does give the reader a hint that the Doctor should be more suspicious than usual of men with hairy palms and dirty fingernails.

Kursaal is perfectly paced, balanced between action and insight, and thus well-composed to appeal to what *Doctor Who* readers like (particularly those who may have come direct from the television series to the BBC Books) that I suspect the mind behind it is more a skilled assembly-editor than a driven visionary. Such people were responsible for the series' most popular eras and are, I suspect, less prone to creating incomprehensible disasters than their counterparts. Based on *Kursaal* alone, I would certainly trust Peter Anghelides to create a new series of *Doctor Who* on television – and I might even watch it.

DOCTOR WHO: THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

Novel BBC Books **Author** David A McIntee **Featuring** The Master, UNIT, Ian and Barbara **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40580 5 **Available** 5 January

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE FACE OF THE ENEMY
DAVID A. McINTEE

Recent times have seen *The Sweeney* return to prominence care of car adverts and Channel 5, *The Professionals* enjoying a new lease of life on Granada Gold, and James Bond regain credibility via *GoldenEye* and *Tomorrow Never Dies*. What is going on? Possibly in reaction to the emotionally literate screen heroes of the eighties and nineties – the Spenders, Lovejoys and Fitzes – their predecessors are coming home. Let us not forget that the seventies were the formative years of today's generation of PR consultants, television schedulers – and, of course, *Doctor Who* novelists, as BBC Books' earlier *The Devil Goblins From Neptune* proved. The seventies are back again in David A McIntee's most familiar novel to date.

Taking place, at a guess, when the Third Doctor and Jo are off on Peladon, *The Face of the Enemy* sees UNIT having to cope without their house genius. It's a scenario which highlights well Lethbridge-Stewart's executive skills; without his dandy-in-residence cutting corners at every turn, the Brigadier's plans and orders stand at least some chance of being completed. In common with other authors to have depicted the Taskforce, David embraces the seldom-seen second cousins and great-aunts of the UNIT family; Bell, Osgood and even a still wet-behind-the-ears Beresford (later to take command in *The Seeds of Doom*) make an appearance. As his performance in *The Daemons* shows, Osgood is no Time Lord, and soon the Brigadier finds himself drafting in two middle-aged teachers to assist him . . .

With Ian and Barbara, *Doctor Who*'s original leading couple, it is hard to go wrong. *Shelf Life* unashamedly attributes the programme's early survival to their rock-solid characterisation and performances – and, with the first-ever *Doctor Who* novelisation being told from Ian's perspective, he in particular holds a special place in many readers' affections. It's just as well that the couple, now Mr and Mrs Chesterton, stay close to UNIT for much of the book, since it would be hard to imagine them holding sway in the book's Euston Films hinterland – all graphically violent bank raids, East End drinkers, Ford Granadas and bent solicitors. The book's coppers make jokes about *The Sweeney*'s butch Regan and Carter – and when one moots extra-terrestrial possibilities, he is accused of watching too much *Space: 1999*, placing the action unmistakeably on Earth: 1977.

Given his previously apparent fascination with both the Master and high-tech action, this is the book David McIntee was born to write; his depiction of the villain is accurate, even down to the way Roger Delgado's character would sneer after a departing lackey or allowed his face to crumple into a smile when events fell his way. It's disappointing, then, that he succumbs to the temptation to have The Master trade *Prisoner* in-jokes with the Brigadier and even quote Stealer's Wheel lyrics. Uncharacteristic, too, given the growing discipline in the author's work; the impenetrable descriptive passages that made his *White Darkness* and *First Frontier* such heavy going have given way to carefully-rationed action sequences and plots that are unreeled a little at a time, with clues for the attentive being followed a few pages later with confirmations for those less so.

Unlike *Kursaal*, which mixes *Doctor Who* elements from diverse times and places, *The Face of the Enemy* is a deliberately restrained exercise; by removing the eclectic, cosmopolitan Doctor from the mix David is left only with those players and situations that would be in *Doctor Who*'s Britain of 1977. The storyline depends – perhaps too strongly – on what has gone before, but seasoned fans will enjoy recognising previous events (which are, nevertheless, recapped for newcomers). Once again, David McIntee has bettered all his previous work, and I'd urge BBC Books to consider more Doctorless novels if they can be this good. DWM

Talking Books Peter Anghelides

The author of *Kursaal* on putting together that difficult first novel . . .

"A number of my friends had written books already – Andy Lane, Gary Russell, Justin Richards, Craig Hinton – and at one point Craig, Justin and I had adjacent desks at the computer company where we all worked. Some of these authors were flatteringly kind enough to ask me to read their early drafts and make rude comments. So as well as my thoughts on published *Doctor Who* books I'd read and critiqued, I also had some insight into the writing process. When Justin and Andy subsequently asked me to submit proposals for short fiction in their Virgin *Decalog* books, I came up with several ideas, including a handful which would be more suited to novels.

"Justin and I wrote a *Doctor Who* story outline called *Vrolak Wakes* in about 1989. Although the story is now quite different, the seeds of *Kursaal* are in that outline.

"If I'm honest, there are a couple of other reasons for writing *Kursaal*. Being paid for my hobby is a good one. Another is the chance to use all my favourite dreadful old jokes, some mine, some by other people. BBC editor Steve Cole made me take out the worst examples, including one he recognised from a 1975 *Basil Brush Show*!"

The Three Doctors

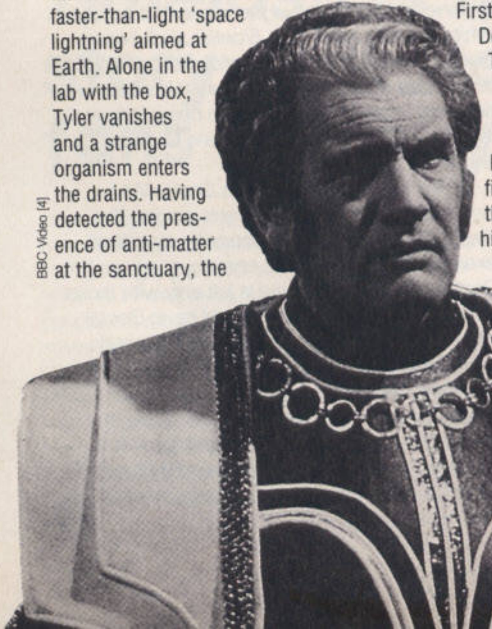
Twenty-five years ago this month, the first three incarnations of the Doctor were reunited in a special adventure. Andrew Pixley investigates.

EPISODE ONE

Gamewarden Arthur Ollis finds a cosmic ray research monitoring device, attached to a weather balloon, landed at the Minsbridge Wildlife Sanctuary. Seeing a message on the box, he has his wife contact Dr Tyler of Wessex University. Tyler arrives by Land Rover and sees Ollis in the distance – but a crackle of energy causes the warden to vanish.

Tyler goes to UNIT and explains Ollis' disappearance to the Third Doctor, Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart and Jo Grant; he goes on to tell them that his work has detected faster-than-light 'space lightning' aimed at Earth. Alone in the lab with the box, Tyler vanishes and a strange organism enters the drains. Having detected the presence of anti-matter at the sanctuary, the Doctor and Jo return to UNIT HQ where the organism causes Bessie to vanish; soon, it forms itself into gell creatures which attack the building. The Doctor realises that he is being hunted. Trapped in his lab, the Doctor ushers Jo and Sergeant Benton into the safety of his immobilised TARDIS where, reluctantly, he sends a distress call to the Time Lords.

The Time Lords are in danger themselves; all their cosmic energy is being drained away into a black hole – a universe of anti-matter. Unable to send anyone to help the Doctor, the President decides to transgress the First Law of Time by sending the Doctor's former self to his aid. The Second Doctor appears in the TARDIS, but the pair clash rather than work together. Seeing this, the President has the Doctor's first incarnation appear on the TARDIS scanner; he tells his two successors that they must cross the time bridge created by the organism. The Second Doctor deactivates the TARDIS force field to let the Doctor out. Jo runs after him as the organism flares at them both . . .



BBC Video [4]

EPISODE TWO

The organism becomes less violent, allowing the Second Doctor and Benton to leave the TARDIS; meeting them, the Brigadier assumes that the Doctor has managed to reverse his appearance again. The Second Doctor sets up equipment to pacify the organism, but when Benton is left in charge it gets out of control again, once more trapping the Second Doctor and Benton in the TARDIS, albeit now with the Brigadier. The Second Doctor seems more concerned with the fact that he has lost his recorder than with the killer organism outside.

The First Doctor's transportation unit has become trapped in a time eddy. Meanwhile, the Third Doctor and Jo awaken on a barren world in the anti-matter universe, where they find that Bessie and all the other things attacked by the organism have also been transported into the black hole. Watched by a cautious Ollis, the pair meet up with Dr Tyler moments before they are captured by the gell creatures. Another figure watches on, delighted to have a Time Lord within his grasp. The Doctor, Jo and Tyler are held captive in the corridors of a bizarre palace.

The First Doctor appears on the TARDIS scanner and instructs the Second to turn off the force field holding the organism at bay. Outside UNIT HQ, UNIT troops watch in amazement as the entire building vanishes – shooting through the black hole . . .

In Omega's sparse domain, the Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) and Ollis (Laurie Webb) present arms and plan for action

EPISODE THREE

The Doctor, Jo and Tyler are ushered into the presence of a robed and masked figure, Omega, whom the Doctor recognises from the legends of the Time Lords. Tyler and Jo are held in a doorless room while the Doctor confronts the stellar engineer who, thousands of years ago, detonated the star which gave the Time Lords the power they needed to master time travel. Omega had been assumed killed in the supernova that followed; in fact, he was flung into the anti-matter universe where he has survived by sheer will and his control over singularity. The organism, the light beam and the world are products of his will. Believing himself abandoned by the Time Lords, he seeks revenge on the universe by draining its energy.

Insisting that he is still in England, the Brigadier leaves the relocated UNIT HQ and encounters Ollis.

The President (Roy Purcell) turns to the First Doctor (William Hartnell) for help

Meanwhile, Benton and the Second Doctor are captured by the gell creatures and brought before Omega, who deduces his identity. Both Doctors are imprisoned with Jo, Tyler and Benton. Combining their wills, the Doctors are able to think up a door to escape the room; while the Doctors make for the singularity chamber, the others leave the palace and meet up with the Brigadier and Ollis. Attacked by the gell creatures, they head for UNIT HQ.

The Time Lords' situation is now critical. The Doctors gaze upon the column of smoke which is singularity, but invoke the wrath of Omega. The Third Doctor finds himself catapulted into a black void, where he struggles with a strange creature as the robed figure declares: "Those who oppose the will of Omega shall not live! Destroy him!"

EPISODE FOUR

Omega is merciful and the Doctor is saved; he returns to the reality of the palace. Omega now reveals the task he has for the two Time Lords: he wishes to leave the anti-matter universe in the light beam, and needs them to take over mental control of it to allow him to depart. The Doctors are forced to agree, and prepare by removing Omega's mask. This reveals that the corrosive light beam has already destroyed Omega's body – only his will exists. Disturbed, Omega goes berserk, allowing the Doctors to escape and make their hazardous way back to join their friends at UNIT HQ.

Trapped in the TARDIS once again, the group are again addressed by the First Doctor via the scanner; after a telepathic conference, the Doctors realise that they can give Omega his freedom by using the forcefield generator from the TARDIS into which the Second Doctor's recorder has fallen. They contact Omega, who allows the Doctor to pilot the TARDIS to the singularity chamber. Omega agrees to the Doctors' deal, sending Tyler, Ollis, Benton, Jo and the Brigadier home via the light beam; the Doctors, however, must stay to share Omega's exile. The Doctors goad Omega into seizing the recorder, causing his annihilation; they run for the TARDIS.

The black hole goes supernova, providing the Time Lords with the energy they need. Jo's party arrive back in a restored UNIT HQ on Earth moments before the TARDIS appears with the Doctors inside; the recorder was still unconverted matter which caused an explosion when it came into contact with anti-matter. The First Doctor appears on the scanner to say that the situation is resolved; he returns to his time zone with the Second Doctor. A new TARDIS dematerialisation circuit appears in the control room, and Jo watches as the Doctor starts on his repairs to renew his travels.

"A dandy and a clown . . ."

Trapped in the TARDIS while a crackling mass of alien energy expands outside it, an argument between the Second and Third Doctors is interrupted by the sudden appearance of their first incarnation on the ship's scanner screen . . .

FIRST DOCTOR Ah! There you are! I seem to be stuck up here . . . Hmph! Oh, so you're my replacements . . . a dandy and a clown . . . Have you done anything?
SECOND DOCTOR (*defensively*) Well . . . we've assessed the situation.
FIRST DOCTOR Just as I thought. Nothing.
THIRD DOCTOR Well, it's not easy you know.
SECOND DOCTOR It's not as if we know what that stuff is.
FIRST DOCTOR Then I'll tell you – it's a time bridge.
SECOND DOCTOR It's a what?
THIRD DOCTOR I see.
FIRST DOCTOR Now what's a bridge for, eh?
SECOND DOCTOR Well, um . . .
THIRD DOCTOR Crossing?
FIRST DOCTOR (*he starts to fade*) Right! So stop dilly-dallying – and cross it!

From The Three Doctors
Episode One
by Bob Baker and Dave Martin

In Production

An idea often suggested to *Doctor Who*'s production team of the early seventies, both by viewers of the series and the team's BBC peers, was to broadcast a story in which the Doctor's previous two incarnations – played by William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton – joined forces with the current one, played by Jon Pertwee. The notion was regularly rejected by producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks as a 'fan' idea they did not wish to pursue. However, Letts and Dicks liked to have a gimmick to open each season – the introduction of arch-enemy the Master in *Terror of the Autons* and the Daleks' return in *Day of the Daleks*, for example – and, discussing the forthcoming Season Ten early in 1972, realised that such a team-up would be an excellent 'hook' for the series' anniversary year.

Dicks and Letts put the notion to two of Dicks' favourite writers, Bob Baker and Dave Martin, who had completed work on *The Mutants* shortly beforehand. Baker remembers the pair receiving a call from Dicks who said that the 'Three-Doctor' idea had arisen when Hartnell had entered the *Doctor Who* office looking for work (which, given the actor's health, seems improbable). The writers came up with a nightmarish concept concerning a 'Death' figure who inhabited an surreal domain beyond the event horizon of a black hole; the dimension would be accessed via a grave in a manner akin to the use of a wardrobe in CS Lewis' children's novel *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*. The graveyard/horror connotations of such a concept caused immediate concern at the BBC, and were swiftly removed.

To ensure the viability of the project at this early stage, Letts telephoned the retired Hartnell, then living at Grove Hill in Hailsham, Surrey.

> "It's an obvious plot device — to have all three Doctors come together"
>
> **Barry Letts**

The Doctors and their allies prepare to confront the all-powerful Omega

The Third and Second Doctors reach Omega's flame of singularity

SCRIPTING THE GELL GUARDS

The writers adopted a dynamic style for the appearance of the 'monsters': "Pow! One, two, three, four Gellguards magically appear one after the other. They are shapeless, non-human creatures". Otherwise, there was little description of the creatures bar "a Gellguard points with its paw". It was indicated that, during the battle with UNIT, a shot from a Gell Guard should smash the R/T unit which Sergeant Benton is holding.

Since leaving *Doctor Who* in 1966, Hartnell had undertaken limited stage work for a couple of years and had featured occasionally on television, concluding with an appearance in an episode of ATV's *Crimes of Passion* in April 1970, but the arteriosclerosis which had weakened him in his final years as the Doctor had ended his career. Furthermore, he had told in interviews of his dislike of the path that *Doctor Who* had taken without him (on Saturday 20 March 1971, the *Daily Sketch* ran a piece in which Hartnell expressed his regret that *Doctor Who* was no longer a programme for children, and he claimed to no longer watch it). In conversation with Letts, however, Hartnell said that he was delighted to be invited back and was eager to perform again.

Approaching Troughton was easier; he and Letts had been acting colleagues for many years. Although having only left the series three years earlier, Troughton had gone straight into many other television roles such as *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, *The Persuaders!*, *Doomwatch* and *A Family at War*; he had no reservations about returning to the series for a guest appearance, but had commitments to *The Main Chance* in late spring and *Colditz* in September.

It would seem that the hope that the 'Three-Doctor' project could be recorded at the end of the current season was then dashed. Although planned to be the first Season Ten serial to be broadcast, it would ultimately be the third serial of the season to be made, not entering production until November. Pertwee was also sounded out about the idea and agreed in principle, provided that the central character was his present incarnation of the Doctor.

BBC Video [4]

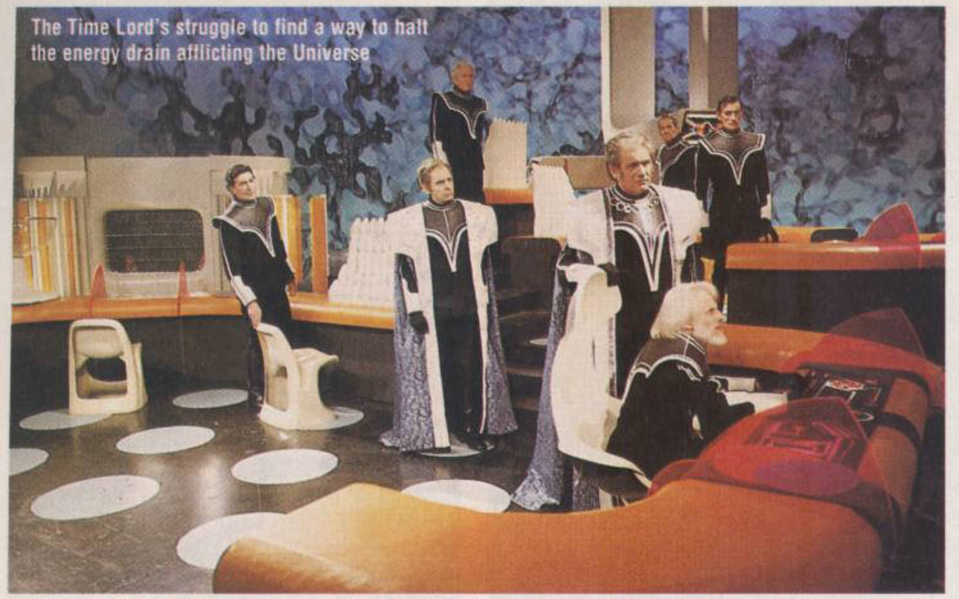
On Wednesday 8 March 1972, with Hartnell and Troughton's provisional agreement, Dicks wrote to Baker and Martin to tell them that the 'Three-Doctor' idea was definitely on. He also indicated that he and Letts were unhappy with the writers' first, highly imaginative storyline (it was felt, particularly, that the limbo setting would not attract an audience – an assertion supported by an internal BBC Audience Research Report on 1968's *The Mind Robber*). Dicks advocated that the setting became a real planet with real monsters – something akin to the 'Deathworld' created by science-fiction writer Harry Harrison in 1960 for a trilogy of novels and a comic strip – on which all life was hostile. The script editor also suggested having the Time Lords fighting a force equal and opposite to their own – anti-Time Lords or Lords of Evil "like your Death figure". To this end, the Time Lords could bend the rules of time and allow the Doctors to meet as unwilling allies in order to treble their power. Enclosing an advance copy of *The Making of Doctor Who* – a new book he had written with Malcolm Hulke for Piccolo – Dicks suggested a meeting with Baker and Martin at Television Centre on Monday 27 or Tuesday 28 March, the final recording block for *The Mutants*.

> "Oh dear – it's going to be like two women in one kitchen"
>
> ***The Three Doctors* script**

Baker and Martin's revised storyline incorporated Dicks' requests, including the monstrous Gell Guards (the spelling of which varied in documentation), the Time Lords and a new enemy figure called Ohm; 'OHM' rotated reads 'WHO', and thus seemed to be the opposite of the hero. Aware that the Doctor's name was not, in fact, 'Doctor Who', Letts rejected this as being self-indulgent; the villain was renamed Omega, after the final letter of the Greek alphabet (which itself stemmed from the Greek term for 'great'). The writers' revised concept of Ohm's domain, a desolate beach and a castle, drew upon both L Frank Baum's 1900 children's novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* and Greek mythology. The scripts, described as "*The Three Doctors* (working title)" were commissioned by Dicks on 27 June. Episode One was due on 17 July, and the remaining three instalments on 17 August; the first arrived on time, but Episodes Two, Three and Four came in on 21, 24 and 25 August respectively.

With Baker and Martin at work, a serious matter came to light. Letts received a phone call from Heather McIntyre, Hartnell's playwright wife. She had only just become aware of the extent of her husband's proposed involvement in the anniversary programme and was concerned that the producers did not appreciate his condition. The arteriosclerosis now affected Hartnell's memory very badly, making him vague – and some days he could not recall ever having been in *Doctor Who* at all, becoming upset when asked to sign autographs in connection with the series (Letts' initial call, it transpired, had been on one of his 'good' days). It was clear that Hartnell could not cope with the pressure of a week's filming and a month's rehearsal and recording.

In Baker and Martin's storylines, the three incarnations had all taken active roles; the writers had delighted in the dialogue between the trio. It was now clear that all this material would have to be reworked. Dicks – with the full consent of the writers, who were engaged on another project – began pruning down the First Doctor's involvement; initially the character would barely move around, joining the others for the final confrontation with Omega. However, Hartnell's wife averred that the pressure of a studio recording could still be too much. Once again, Dicks restructured the scripts so that Hartnell would never meet his successors, merely advising them via the TARDIS scanner in sequences which could be pre-filmed at the actor's convenience.



The Time Lord's struggle to find a way to halt the energy drain afflicting the Universe

It was also hoped at one point that Frazer Hines could make a cameo appearance in the final episode as Jamie, appearing briefly prior to the disappearance of the Second Doctor with a line like "Doctor, will you hurry up!" Unfortunately, Hines' commitment to his new Yorkshire Television soap opera, *Emmerdale Farm*, precluded this – although he was still mentioned in the Drama Early Warning synopsis for *The Three Doctors* (which also referred to the First Doctor appearing in the climax). A suggested cameo by Wendy Padbury's Zoe was vetoed by Pertwee, who wanted the serial's focus to be kept on 'his' era of the programme.

With the serial planned to be made in November and December for transmission from Saturday 30 December, Australian Lennie Mayne was chosen to direct *The Three Doctors*; he had supervised *The Curse of Peladon* in similarly tight circumstances earlier that year. On Thursday 21 September, both Troughton and Hartnell were contracted to appear in this, Serial RRR; in Hartnell's case this would be for a single day's filming between Monday 6 and Friday 10 November. By Wednesday 18 October, the title of the serial had changed from *The Three Doctors* to the more practical *The Black Hole*. Mayne originally anticipated recording one episode each day, but reconsidered around Thursday 26 October to allow all the Time Lord sequences to be recorded in the first block, and all those in the Black Hole in the second (thus the Time Lords and Omega would only be needed for a fortnight each).

During October, a special *Radio Times* photo session at a Battersea studio brought the three Doctors together for a series of portrait shots. Letts kept a careful eye on proceedings, ensuring that Pertwee was the dominant figure of the trio.

To clarify each Doctor in *The Black Hole* scripts, the Pertwee version was referred to as 'the Doctor' or 'Doctor One', the Troughton incarnation as 'Doctor Two' and the Hartnell original as 'Doctor Three'. In character listings, Dr Tyler was given the Christian name 'Daunton'. The wildlife sanctuary was described as marshland close to a shoreline; it seems the intention was to shoot on the coast. Baker and Martin wanted to open on a weather balloon bobbing in the wind as if it was alive, spoofing the bizarre 'Rover' balloon from the cult ITC series *The Prisoner*. Here, the instrument package lands on the sand (which, Tyler later remarks, becomes fused together, like glass); when visiting the area later, the Doctor scrutinises the sand under a microscope. In dialogue trimmed in rehearsals, Tyler came across as a comic eccentric; the character confirms to Jo that he knocked the instrument package up himself out of an old camera box, and there was a brief routine about the 'cosmic radiation' on his X-ray plates turning out to be dust. Tyler describes the light ray as "a great shriek of pain travelling across the galaxy"; his dialogue was written to suggest a Northern accent ("Where the Bradley Hill are we? Do you know 'cos I'm ruddy sure I don't", for example). Mrs Ollis, the Warden's wife, was described as "a pleasant tanned outdoor woman in her forties, Norfolk accent".

SCRIPTING EPISODE THREE

Episode Three included a far longer version of a sequence between Jo and Tyler in the cell. Tyler observes: "You know what worries me most about them blobby things? . . . No mouths. How do they eat? What do they eat? Do they eat? Cus I've had nothing – I don't know about you . . . I could just do with a bit o' bread and butter puddin' an all." Jo shouts out that they will die without food and drink; there is a hum and a table set for two appears with two chairs. Under covered dishes are the steak and chips which Jo wanted and some bread and butter pudding ("Not as good as Mum's, but not bad considering"). Tyler looks up: "Whoever you are mate – thank you very much." This scene was completely removed before recording.

Baker and Martin described the hunting organism thus: "a trace of jelly-like material oozes through the joins of the box . . . The grey gel oozes out onto the bench. In the centre of it is a dark nucleus like an eye, the size of a grapefruit". Later this mutated: "The laboratory disappears to reveal a huge – six or seven foot – mound of gell. It starts to roll obscenely in . . ." The script for Episode Three included a longer description from Omega of how he created the organism: "All I have done is stop the protons and anti-protons from indulging in self-annihilation". The effect of the organism on its victims was described by Baker and Martin in the following manner: "Arthur's image is eaten into holes like

The main cast rehearse scenes in Omega's palace

gruyere cheese." Similarly, when the Doctor's friends were returned in the Singularity beam in Episode Four, each was "Gruyere'd" in the light beam, after which the writers suggested a film sequence showing Jo, Benton, the Brigadier, Ollis, Tyler, UNIT HQ, Bessie and all the items from the lab spinning and swirling in the light beam.

The scenes with Bessie vanishing were planned for inside the UNIT garages, and the Time Lord's War Room was described in the script as having "enormous flickering displays of 'time streams' – rather like ocean current maps. Stuck here and there luminous discs – these discs represent the positions in space-time of patrolling Time Lords".

The script included Doctor Two and Benton reminiscing about the Cybermen (a reference to *The Invasion*); later on, the script was amended so that Doctor Two first referred to Benton as "Corporal Benton" (that being Benton's rank in *The Invasion*). In the script for Episode Two, there were references to the Yeti (*The Web of Fear*) and the Autons (*Spearhead From Space*) between Doctor Two and the Brigadier. In the TARDIS scenes for Episode One, the writers indicated that "Doctor Two feels the quality of the Doctor's cloak: He looks envious at the difference between his tatty affair and the Doctor's . . ." and had Jo mis-quoting the lyrics of John Lennon and Paul McCartney: "Ah! I am he and he is me and we are all together . . . Goo goo goo joob!" (here, the script indicated that "the Doctors look confused: the quotation is from *I Am the Walrus* by The Beatles"). The Doctors' telepathic communication was suggested as "a buzz of thought transference. We see a rapidly alternating montage of their faces". As it becomes clear that the two incarnations are going to argue a lot, Jo commented "Oh dear – it's going to be like two women in one kitchen"; adds Benton, "Yeah. It'll be up to us to keep the peace." Dicks' rewrites placed all the First Doctor sequences on film.

The place of arrival of the Doctor and Jo in Omega's world in Episode Two was described as a "Beach . . . an expanse of sand dunes". Here, Jo's chilling speech ran: "We're dead aren't we? Aren't we? I remember now . . . Things falling apart, becoming nothing . . . falling . . . drifting . . . There's no time any more is there? We shall be here for ever, I know it". The Doctor and Jo investigated their new surroundings and found themselves "on the beach, confronted by a Daliesque landscape: all the items vaporised by the gell". There was also a sequence in which Ollis aims his double-barrelled shotgun at Bessie.

The script clearly established the fate of Doctor Two's flute in Episode Two: "He puts his flute down on the console. The flute falls unnoticed into the interior of the TARDIS console". This script also introduced Omega's Stronghold and its occupant: "Some kind of giant figure in a bronze mask" operates a screen which "should be a 'magic mirror' rather than a technological device" in his palace of "vaulting paraboloid curves which looks as if it has been beaten out of solid brass . . . slightly Eastern in feel, with reflected light glinted off the hammered panels". The original cliff-hanger to Episode Two was the first full appearance of Omega who appeared like a "superstar in a spotlight . . . A huge and awesome figure in a bronze Etruscan style face mask . . . seemingly with no eyes behind it – Dressed from head to foot in a metallic cape. Omega should appear to be between seven and eight feet high".

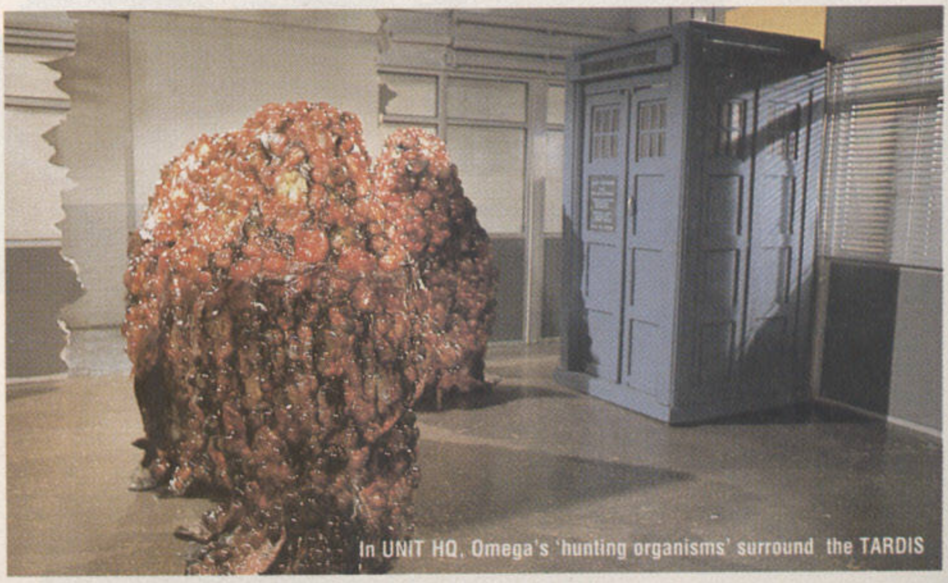
At this point, the script for Episode Two contained none of the scenes with the Doctor, Jo and Tyler held prisoner in the corridors of Omega's stronghold; this, including Tyler's abortive escape attempt and the Doctor's conjuring trick, was inserted later as padding.

In Episode Three, Omega's demonstration of his will by making a chair appear was a later addition; in the scripts he emphasised that he selected the Doctor because of his vulnerable, isolated position. In the TARDIS after UNIT HQ's transference, the Brigadier puts what has happened down to blast effects; later, the script suggested a filmed insert in which the Brigadier would emerge from UNIT HQ onto the sand dunes. The capture of Benton and Doctor Two in UNIT HQ was dynamic: "Benton fires at gell guard. Suddenly the Gell Guard reaches out a finger and touches Benton's gun, which goes up in smoke".

The entrance to Omega's stronghold was a "paraboloid entrance built into a dune or cliff-face, the same metallic look about it as the heavy double doors in the fore-ground of the shot – although we keep it as a surprise". Some of the dialogue in the cell after the Doctors' arrival was changed; originally the Doctor speculates "If the telepathic link multiplied our will rather than just added . . ." when considering the possibility of thinking up a door – and, in a particularly intolerant mood, swears "Damn all of you, Jo". The Singularity Chamber was an "elegant circular chamber with a gallery of arches all round. A column of flame surges restlessly up and down, swamping the whole chamber in ever-changing light patterns". Omega's Champion, meanwhile, was "a ferocious alien giant". During the escape from the Stronghold, Benton attacks the Gell Guards as the party make for the Main Doors.

> "Those blobby jelly creatures were hysterically funny!"
>
> **Katy Manning**

In Episode Four, Doctor Two summed up the situation as "Like the Genie in the bottle. Whoever lets him [Omega] out finds himself imprisoned instead". Omega also explains to the


In UNIT HQ, Omega's 'hunting organisms' surround the TARDIS

BBC Video [5]

WILLIAM HARTNELL

The Three Doctors was William Hartnell's final professional engagement; an acting career of almost 50 years ended in November 1972. His memory became increasingly poor, his behaviour erratic, and his health rapidly declined. The Hartnells had already been forced to sell their home at Old Mill Cottage and eventually moved in with their daughter and her family. In August 1974, Hartnell spent some time in Linton Hospital in Maidstone, but was then re-admitted in late December the same year. His wife, Heather, visited him every day up to the end of his life. On Wednesday 23 April 1975, William Hartnell died in his sleep. That night, the *BBC News* paid tribute to the actor by screening an extract from the end of *The Gunfighters: The OK Corral.*

Doctors that, if they do not co-operate, he cannot reverse the energy drain: " . . . and you, not I, will be responsible for the destruction of the universe." In the film sequence showing the drive to UNIT HQ, Jo suggests that the Brigadier uses Bessie's superspeed switch; the vehicle then whizzes past the Gell Guards. The writers indicated that a photocaption of UNIT HQ in the dunes be shown as Bessie's destination, and Jo explained to the Brigadier that it was safe to drive at this speed thanks to Bessie's "invisible inertial safety belts".

On returning to the UNIT lab, the party exchange stories as the Brigadier attempts to hold a proper debriefing session ("Thing is, all this fuss is upsetting my birds. Suppose they all change their nesting grounds – eh?" bemoans Ollis). When the Doctors arrive, Ollis uses his shotgun to blast back a Gell Guard. Originally, after the black hole has gone supernova, the President fears the Doctor has failed; "Failed?" retorts the First Doctor. "Not a bit of it! Look at your monitor screen. Well – there's your new source of energy . . . Once again, Omega has provided." In the TARDIS, the forgiven Doctor tells Jo that he must repair his ship's steering systems and will then take Jo for a quick trip around the galaxy including "Metebellis, Four – famous blue planet of the Acteon galaxy . . . Lakes like great sapphires, mountain of blue crystal – and inhabited by the most gentle loveable people in the Universe."

Mayne's small guest cast was largely drawn from actors he knew he could rely on from other shows, including Rex Robinson (whom he'd cast in *The Borderers*), Laurie Webb and Patricia Pryor as Tyler, Arthur Ollis and Mrs Ollis respectively.

Shooting on 16mm film began at Stage 2 of Ealing Film Studios on Monday 6 November. Most of the morning was spent filming the fight between the Doctor and Omega's Champion which spanned Episodes Three and Four. Stuntman Terry Walsh doubled for Pertwee in some shots, and advised Mayne on the fight; his colleague, Alan Chuntz, played the Champion from beneath a suffocating latex half-mask. Mayne used strange camera angles on the 'black void set', which was lit in harsh greens and reds.

During the first two hours of filming, Hartnell was chauffeured from his home to Ealing. Because of his condition, filming was limited to short bursts throughout the day to complete Hartnell's speeches to camera. The actor's memory was poor on this day, but the shoot had been structured so that he could read all his lines from large cue cards positioned just off-camera. Although weak and having difficulty in balancing, Hartnell was delighted to be back.

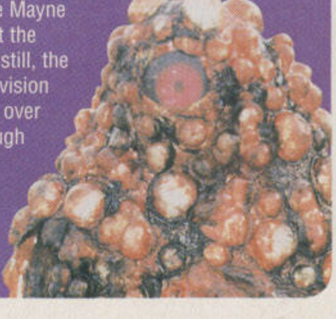
Tuesday 7 November saw the crew start filming at Summerfield Bungalow on Springwell Lane, Rickmansworth for the scenes at the 'Warden's Lodge' in the 'Minsbridge Wildlife Sanctuary'. The rest of the morning and the first part of the afternoon was then spent further along Springwell Lane – at Springwell Reservoir, which featured as the lake in Episodes One and Four. The disappearance of Ollis was achieved by means of a locked-off camera, the plan being to then superimpose a light flare effect in studio. The final two hours of the day were spent at the nearby Harefield Lime Works for Part Two scenes featuring the Doctor and Jo. Filming was conducted in freezing November rain, and dark make-up had to be applied to Manning's numbed legs. Troughton joined the crew for the second quarry day on Wednesday 8 to reprise his part as the Doctor. Also joining the cast were Nicholas Courtney and John Levene, playing Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart and Sergeant Benton for the first time since the recording of *The Time Monster* in May. However, due to delays in shooting, it seems that neither Troughton, Courtney or Levene were required to perform this day.

Shooting on Wednesday began with the scenes of the Doctor and Jo meeting up with Tyler in Episode Two, and their subsequent capture by the Gell Guards; also filmed on this day were cutaway shots of the Gell Guards' claws being fired which would be intercut throughout the serial (the quarry terrain, therefore, appeared in conventional UNIT HQ scenes). This was then followed by scenes of the Doctor and Jo finding parts of UNIT HQ dotted around the quarry.

The quarry material was completed on Thursday 9. Shooting began with the Brigadier meeting Ollis in Episode Three, and the duo seeing Doctor Two and Benton being herded along. Next, all the shots of the entrance to

COSTUME THE GELL GUARDS

Wednesday 8 November saw the first use of the four Gell Guard costumes, operated by regular monster men John Scott Martin, Cy Town, Rick Newby and Peter Murphy Grumbar. As the costumes were being unloaded from the props van, costume designer James Acheson heard people laughing. Adhering to the scripted descriptions, he had developed the gell shape from a model based on a throat lozenge. The costume came in two sections: a latex covered vinyl skirt mounted on a frame which was draped over the actor's shoulders, and a hard headpiece which fitted over this. The skirt included a single clawed arm operated by the actor's right hand; this incorporated a set of sequencer lights which lit up when the Gell Guards fired. The actors' vision was severely restricted; they saw through both a circular eye on the headpiece and a transparent 'eyeball' mounted on a headband so that the eye seemed to be continually moving. Lennie Mayne was appalled at the design. Worse still, the actors' limited vision meant they fell over a lot on the rough ground, damaging the costumes' delicate bubbles.



STEPHEN THORNE OMEGA

talks to Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons

Thanks to his remarkable voice, Southport-born actor Stephen Thorne has made has made a career out of radio drama – including the recent *Doctor Who* radio serial *The Ghosts of N-Space*. But earlier television excursions have seen him play no less than three of *Doctor Who*'s major villains . . . and an Ogron.

Stephen's Doctor Who debut was in the fondly-remembered *The Daemons*. He recalls: "They were going to ask Michael Kilgarriff to play Azal and have somebody else do the voice, and I was suggested as the voice. I think they'd heard the name and the voice in various radio things. I went along to see Barry Letts at Television Centre and he said, 'Oh good heavens, I didn't realise you were that size!' I did an audition for him and he said, 'Why don't you do the whole thing?' So, sadly for Michael, I got the part."

Of course, the downside of playing a demonic alien was donning a costume that was hellish to wear. "It was very uncomfortable. I had a chest wig and a back wig, and hooves to stand on that you could hardly walk on. They were high heeled, mule-like slippers with things over the front. And the nails . . . you know those women's cosmetic nails they stick on? They stuck those great things on and what I didn't know was, once they were on, they were on. You go to the loo and you think 'My God, I'm going to do some dreadful damage . . .'"

The whole ensemble was topped off with a horned mask. "It was a three-quarter mask. It was going to be a whole mask but then they realised, I don't know why, that they couldn't do that. There was a great difficulty in making the horns stick up, I remember. Various methods were tried, with elastic and I don't know what. The teeth I had specially made in Wimpole Street. I went to the dentist and he took an impression and these teeth were made. When we finished, instead of putting them in my pocket and walking away, I made the mistake of saying to the make-up department: 'Do you mind if I take these teeth?' They said 'Oh no, you can't do that.' I said 'Why? They won't fit anybody else, they're tailor-made.' But, 'Oh no, we paid a lot of money for them.' So somewhere knocking about in the BBC there's a pair of teeth that will fit me only. I wanted to keep them and frighten children!"

Ultimately it needed only companion Jo Grant to defeat Azal, but it took three Doctors to combat Stephen's next villain, renegade Time Lord Omega. "*The Three Doctors* was wonderful, great fun. I don't know how I came to do that one, I suppose it was on the strength of Azal. That was nice, because I got to work with Pat Troughton, who I hadn't worked with before. He was magical. He used to upset Jon Pertwee by saying: 'It doesn't matter what we do, it's the monster they want to see, it's Stephen. Don't worry, they're not going to be watching us, so there's no point in fussing whether you're here or there.' Jon used to get very cross about that." Speaking of whom: "Jon was quite a perfectionist, everything had to be just so for Jon. He wouldn't mind me saying this, but if he thought he wasn't in the centre of the picture, and you couldn't see because you were in a mask, he'd move you. He'd say 'Sorry old boy, would you mind just standing over there?' And the director would say 'Why aren't you where you were put, Stephen?' He was lovely man, Jon . . . A great raconteur, lots of tales, very sad when he died."

As Azal in *The Daemons*

When asked if Omega is the sort of character he enjoys playing, Stephen's answer is ambiguous. "You can pull out all the stops, but it's very hard working with a mask – the mask itself does a lot of work for you. It can be counter-productive because you tend to over-compensate – you think, 'Oh well, they can't see me so I'd better shriek and shout and wave my arms about.' Which is not the case, you don't have to do that. Possibly, if I had to criticise myself, I'd say I maybe did too much of that. The mask itself, whatever it looks like, people will read into it themselves a sort of personality and so that does an awful lot of the work."

Difficult to play or not, Omega is a character which Stephen retains a certain fondness for. "He was fascinating because there was something rather sad about him in a way, because he'd been hard done by and you felt that under there somewhere there was a warm heart.

"I know what you're going to ask me – why I didn't do the next one [Omega's reappearance in 1983's *Arc of Infinity*]. I don't know, I never knew about it, I wasn't asked . . ."

Stephen was certainly asked to return soon enough in 1973: two stories later, no less. But, after appearing as two of the most powerful entities in the universe, playing an Ogron in *Frontier in Space* must have been a bit of a comedown? "That's true," he admits, "I do remember thinking 'I don't know if I want to be an Ogron, when there are 900 other of them and I've played these other grand things.' But you've got to eat. I suppose you could say that no one would know because they couldn't see it was me behind the mask – I was 'First Ogron', but I don't think even I'd be able to tell which was which now. I remember there were all sorts of dreadful villains as extras, they'd all just come out of prison and there were bouncers from nightclubs and things playing these other Ogrons. You had to be very careful what you said, because you couldn't recognise anybody . . ."

Stephen's next *Doctor Who* villain hardly anyone saw: "Barry Letts rang me at home one morning and he said 'I'm at Television Centre.' I thought 'Oh great, a job!' then he said 'I wonder, if I sent a cab, would you help me out with this audition?'" Actress Elisabeth Sladen, it transpired, was being auditioned for the role of companion Sarah Jane Smith. "Barry had written a little scenario that he directed us in. I had to frighten her and leap out across the table at her or something . . . she got the job, so that's all right." Stephen's character was specially created by Letts: "He was a sort of Jekyll and Hyde person . . . a sort of businessman, and I think he asked her to do something she didn't want to do and then he became this sort of nasty person and metamorphosed into this creature that attacked her."

The Three Doctors' director Lennie Mayne must have been impressed enough with Stephen's Omega to ask him back to play yet another powerful villain, taking over from Judith Paris as the transsexual Eldrad part way through *The Hand of Fear*. Jokes Stephen: "I think it's just that when somebody tall with a big voice was the order of the day, they thought 'He's done it before and hasn't fallen over, so we might as well ask him again.' *Doctor Who* is one of the few places you could do that, because you're not recognised. That's one of the advantages of wearing a mask. That's also the advantage of radio – you play all sort of things you'd never be able to play anywhere else. I've played dwarves on radio!"

The best part of 20 years passed before Stephen returned to *Doctor Who* in *The Ghosts of N-Space*. "That was wonderful. That was again thanks to Barry Letts, who wrote it and suggested me to play this villain who was a mafioso and also this sort of medieval monk-like person. It sounded terrific, I thought, but it was terribly difficult to follow . . .

"I wish they'd do some more of those. It was very popular, so I don't see why they shouldn't do endless series of them. They would work terribly well on radio if they were a little less complicated. Kids love them and the tapes sell like hot cakes. Seems like sense to me, if you've got a property like that, to use it . . ." **DWM**

Omega's stronghold were filmed; model doors were erected close to camera for these scenes in Episodes Two to Four. Further scenes – covering the Brigadier and Ollis in Episode Three, the escape of Jo's party in Episode Three and the subsequent drive to UNIT HQ – were filmed, but a lack of time meant that the Episode Four scene of Bessie at superspeed (planned to be shot using an undercranked film camera) was abandoned. Also filmed this day was a brief insert, apparently at the nearby Summerfield Bungalow, showing Hartnell's Doctor in a garden; this would be seen on the Time Lords' screen during Episode One, as was a specially filmed quarry sequence of Troughton. The BBC seized the opportunity to take a final set of photographs showing all three Doctors together.

The final filming day, Friday 10, covered UNIT HQ scenes in Episode One and Two; 'UNIT HQ' was now a YMCA hostel called Hayling House on Hayling Lane, Denham. Rain again dogged filming at the building. The first scene filmed was Bessie vanishing; these scenes were set outdoors rather than inside the garage. This was followed by inserts showing the Gell Guards appearing in foliage (courtesy of a locked-off camera), soldiers being attacked, Benton's men using a bazooka on the advancing monsters, the creatures appearing at the front of the building and Palmer seeing the Gell Guards disappear at the end of Episode Two. Model filming was conducted between Tuesday 14 and Thursday 16 November to achieve animated effects including the light beam emanating from the black hole and the UNIT HQ building being transported.

> "When Bill did *The Three Doctors* he couldn't remember a single one of his lines"
>
> **Heather Hartnell**

Rehearsals at Acton began on Wednesday 15 November. All three 'Time Lords' had appeared in the show before: Roy Purcell, the President, had played Officer Powers in *The Mind of Evil*; Clyde Pollitt had been a Time Lord in *The War Games* while Graham Leaman had appeared as the Controller in *The Macra Terror*, as Price in *Fury From the Deep*, as the Grand Marshal in *The Seeds of Death*, and as a Time Lord in *Colony in Space*).

It soon became apparent that the scripted disagreements between the two Doctors were being mirrored in rehearsals due to the different approaches adopted by Pertwee and Troughton. Pertwee stuck closely to the script, relying on other actors' exact wording to give him his cues. Troughton was prone to ad-libs, delivering an approximation of his lines, which caused Pertwee to lose his place. Eventually Troughton agreed that, since Pertwee was now the star, he would deviate less from the script than usual. In rehearsals, the cast also learned to pace the delivery of some scenes to better synchronise with Hartnell's pre-filmed dialogue. The script was still undergoing minor changes at this stage: the Doctor's admonishment "I don't want to listen to your paratiddles on the piccolo" was dropped on recording, alongside the "two women" material between Benton and Jo. The First Doctor's scripted final appearance before the Time Lords in Episode Four was reworked and his dialogue given to the President. As late as Monday 20, Serial RRR was still being referred to as *The Black Hole*, but during the week leading up to recording reverted to the title *The Three Doctors*.

The first studio session covered Monday 27 and Tuesday 28 November in TC1 at Television Centre. Episode One was taped on the first evening between 8 and 10pm. The first material recorded was three sequences showing the empty lab set with the CSO-effected gel organism laid over it, which would be seen on the TARDIS scanner later on. The organism was a rod puppet of coloured fur shot out of focus, electronically recoloured, then CSOed over the required set or film sequence. After this, the lab was redressed and Episode One taped in sequence. A grey light flash (graphics department film) as the organism dematerialised something was added during the recording of Tyler's disappearance, achieved via locked-off camera; similar breaks allowed the removal of various lab set elements. The Time Lords' War Room housed an Eidophore projection screen, which displayed filmed material or pictures from another set. At the end of the evening, the single Time Lord scene in Episode Three was pre-recorded.

The following evening, recording started at 7.30pm; bar an apparent pick-up on an Episode One scene, Pertwee and Manning were not required for taping. A spark generator was used for the machine built by Doctor Two to pacify the organism, and UNIT HQ's vanishing was achieved by cutting between two photocaptions. At the end of the evening, the two Time Lord scenes for Episode Four were pre-recorded.

Rehearsals restarted the following day on Wednesday 29 November. Courtney's suggestions – that the Brigadier might believe Omega's world to be Cromer, and his saluting the Doctors in Episode Four – were adopted and added to the camera script. The final studio session spanned Monday 11 and Tuesday 12 December; the first evening's recording ran between 8 and 10pm. Taping began with the Episode Two scenes in Omega's Stronghold in which Omega watches the capture of the Doctor's party (this material was generally shown though a colour synthesiser), and was followed by out-of-sequence recording of the 'padding' scenes featuring the Doctor's party at the Stronghold entrance and

DESIGN THE TARDIS

The TARDIS control room set was redesigned; new walls created by Tim Gleeson for *The Time Monster* (which the production team disliked) had been damaged in storage. Roger Liminton went back to photographs of Peter Brachaki's original 1963 set; thus the 'transporter pad' area was re-introduced and the scanner reverted to being a gimbal-mounted BBC monitor (although this time a colour one) instead of a CSO roundel. The scanner showed pre-taped images of the lab, film sequences or output from another camera. When contacting the Time Lords, the Doctor used the Extreme Emergency control seen in *The Time Monster*. Dick Mills of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop dusted off the original TARDIS sound effects, notably that of the fault locator bay from the first Dalek story (which was used when the forcefield was activated). The TARDIS sound effect was used as Doctor Two appeared (Troughton was obscured by a split-screen roll-back-and-mix effect at first); the Doctors' telepathic conference was recorded as an insert rapidly intercutting the faces of Pertwee and Troughton (film of Hartnell would be used for a similar sequence in Episode Four).

Three Doctors pose outside Summerfield Bungalow, Rickmansworth in the afternoon of Thursday 9 November 1972

Omega reflects upon his predicament

within its corridors. Mayne was less than happy with the Stronghold set, having expected something more impressive. For Omega's costume, Acheson was inspired by Greek theatrical masks,

Having recorded Episode Two's planned climax, in which Omega appeared, taping continued into Episode Three. A yellow CSO flat was used to place the Stronghold corridor into the doorway of the cell, along with a roll-back-and-mix to place a blank wall and later a wooden door into the entrance portal; similar methods were also used to place a sand dune photocaption outside the doors of both UNIT HQ and Omega's Stronghold. A locked-off recording break was used to enable Omega appear to produce a chair from thin air. For sequences in which characters were 'transported', it was decided that the actors would jump in the air at the start of a take so that they appeared to 'land' on appearance at the beginning of a scene. The 'flame of singularity' was a column of dry ice smoke in a red light.

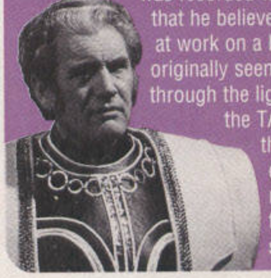
Recording began at 7.30pm and included a number of effects. When Omega became angry, the camera image was electronically wobbled or the camera rocked from side to side. When Omega's mask was first opened, the face-plate was tilted up away from camera so that Thorne's features were not visible. After this, a special insert was recorded where Thorne, with a yellow CSO stocking over his head, removed his mask against a CSO backdrop, with this image placed over a shot of Troughton and Pertwee in the Stronghold. For the scene in which the Doctor's friends returned to Earth via the flame of singularity, a 90-second tape of blank set had been pre-recorded and was now played back in a split screen effect to make the characters vanish as they passed through the flame. For the closing scenes, the UNIT Laboratory was restored, the TARDIS reappeared by means of a roll-back-and-mix fade as usual, and a similar technique was used for both Doctor Two's departure and the dematerialisation circuit's appearance.

In editing, the cliffhanger to Episode Two was shifted; a trimmed version of its reprise appeared at the start of Episode Three. Incidental music recorded by Dudley Simpson ran to around 26 minutes in total and incorporated the jaunty theme for Bessie developed in *The Time Monster.*

The Three Doctors was previewed on Wednesday 27 December at 12.18pm with a 52-second trailer on BBC1, a few hours before an omnibus repeat of *The Sea Devils*; this featured the unused 'Delaware' version of the theme tune already dubbed onto prints of *Carnival of Monsters* and *Frontier in Space*. The Thursday 28 December *Radio Times* bore a cover showing the three Doctors with the title "Which Doctor is Who?"; inside, a feature carried quotes from the three stars. Frank Bellamy provided small pieces of artwork to accompany the cast listings. Pertwee and Troughton were interviewed by Donny Macleod on *Pebble Mill at One* on Wednesday 10 January, during which Troughton gave his impersonation of a Dalek. After the final episode, an 18-second trailer for *Carnival of Monsters* was broadcast.

EDITING EPISODE FOUR

Episode Four ran over its time limit, requiring several edits. An early scene between Omega and the two Doctors lost its start, in which Omega explained: "You have seen how I use singularity to exteriorise my thoughts." The end of the scene in which the Doctors gets everyone into the TARDIS lost its last line; asks the Brigadier, "Now Doctor – I'd like some explanations from both of you!" The President's remarking upon "The end of everything" was removed, along with a short section of Jo suggesting that the Doctor simply activates the TARDIS so they can all escape (although Omega's will is holding them there). The end of the scene was recorded with Tyler's confiding that he believe the Doctors to be at work on a bomb. Omega was originally seen to be walking through the light curtain to await the TARDIS' arrival, and the Metebelis Four dialogue was removed from the final TARDIS scene.



The 'three-Doctor' gimmick was rewarded by large audiences; Episode Four achieved almost 12 million viewers – the highest since 1965 – and entered the Top 20 shows for the week. Episode One was shown opposite the New Year movie *Around the World in Eighty Days* in many ITV regions, while subsequent weeks saw competition such as *Sale of the Century* (LWT), *Tarzan* (Southern) and *The Man from UNCLE* (Granada). On Sunday 7 January, the *Sunday Telegraph* criticised the serial for its poor monsters, but on Monday 1 January both the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Telegraph* ran generally positive comments.

A jigsaw showing Troughton and Pertwee on the Singularity set was issued by Whitman in 1973. With a few additions, Dicks novelised Baker and Martin's scripts as *Doctor Who – The Three Doctors*, which was published simultaneously in hardback by Allan Wingate and in paperback by Target in November 1975. In April 1978, the paperback was re-issued as *Doctor Who and the Three Doctors*. Gabriel Woolf recorded a talking book version in 1981. Regaining its original title, the paperback was reissued in August 1991, the same month as its release by BBC Video.

The Three Doctors was sold abroad to Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Hong Kong, Dubai, Canada, Brunei and Saudi Arabia. In the early eighties it was also sold to North America, where it is also syndicated as a TV Movie of one hour 34 minutes' duration. The BBC Archives retained the original 625-line videotapes, and the serial was therefore available to form part of BBC2's 1981 *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* season. Episode One was transmitted on the day of the show's 18th anniversary. *The Three Doctors* has also been broadcast by subscription channels BSB and UK Gold. **DWM**

SERIAL RRR THE THREE DOCTORS

CAST **Jon Pertwee** *Dr Who* with **Patrick Troughton** *Dr Who* and **William Hartnell** *Dr Who* and **Laurie Webb** *Mr Ollis*, **Rex Robinson** *Dr Tyler*, **Patricia Prior** *Mrs Ollis* [1,4], **Nicholas Courtney** *Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart*, **Katy Manning** *Jo Grant*, **John Levene** *Sergeant Benton*, **Denys Palmer** *Corporal Palmer* [1-2], **Roy Purcell** *President of the Council*, **Graham Leaman** *Time Lord*, **Clyde Pollitt** *Chancellor* [1-2], **Stephen Thorne** *Omega* [2-4].

EXTRAS **Pat Gorman**, **Leslie Bates**, **Terrance Denville**, **Terry Sartain**, **David Billa**, **David Melbourne** *UNIT Soldiers inc Johnson*; **Cy Town**, **Rick Newby**, **John Scott Martin**, **P Murphy Grumbar** *Gell Guards*; **Anthony Lang**, **Lincoln Wright**, **Richard Orme**, **Peter Evans** *Time Lords*; **Terry Walsh** *Double for Dr Who*; **Alan Chuntz** *Omega's Champion.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Bob Baker and Dave Martin**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental Music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Film Cameraman* **John Baker***. *Film Sound* **Bob Roberts***. *Film Editor* **Jim Walker***. *Visual Effects Designer* **Michealjohn Harris***. *Costume Designer* **Jim Acheson***. *Make-up* **Ann Rayment***. *Lighting* **Clive Thomas***. *Sound* **Derek Miller-Timmins***. *Script Editor* **Terrance Dicks**. *Designer* **Roger Liminton**. *Producer* **Barry Letts**. *Directed by* **Lennie Mayne**. BBC © 1973
*Credited on Episodes One and Four only.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Episode One	30 December 1972	5.50-6.15pm	24'39"	9.6M (41st)	NR
Episode Two	6 January 1973	5.50-6.15pm	24'18"	10.8M (22nd)	NR
Episode Three	13 January 1973	5.50-6.15pm	24'22"	8.8M (44th)	NR
Episode Four	20 January 1973	5.50-6.15pm	25'07"	11.9M (17th)	NR

REPEATS

Episode One*	23 November 1981	5.40-6.05pm	24'42"	5.0M (12th)	NR
Episode Two*	24 November 1981	5.35-6.00pm	24'18"	4.5M (16th)	NR
Episode Three*	25 November 1981	5.40-6.05pm	24'24"	5.7M (9th)	NR
Episode Four*	26 November 1981	5.40-6.05pm	25'09"	5.8M (8th)	NR

*Broadcast on BBC2 as part of *The Five Faces of Doctor Who*

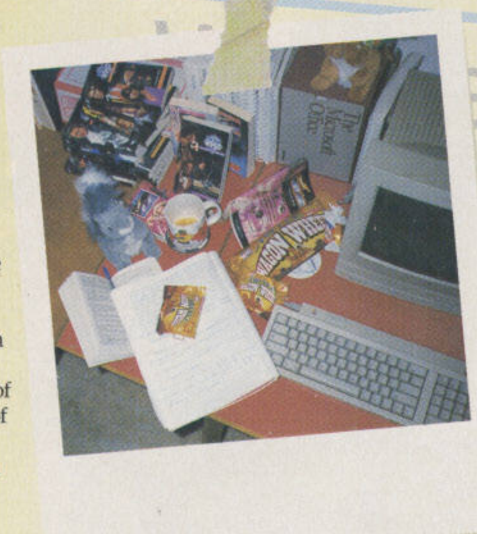
The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

1985 SUMMER SPECIAL CLASSIC
DOCTOR WHO

Jackie's novel has reached its umpteenth draft. But the Prince of Romance wants a word about the text . . .

Saturday

4am Although in an altered state from the few pictures I'd seen, I was sure it was he. Draped side-saddle upon a quilted chaise longue and dressed head-to-toe in a candy-pink ballgown, feather-trimmed no less, lay the Doyen of the *New Adventure* and Prince of Romance.



"Pray," said the novelist in a voice that wavered over several octaves like a Dame of the Realm. "What manner of fan are you?"

I approached the figure in awe, only momentarily released from its gaze when from its lap was plucked a small but overweight, freshly groomed pug.

"A girlie one . . . who's written a story . . ."

The author's hair, whipped up vertical as if recently waved beneath a static balloon, quivered with excitement.

"An Orman! A rare breed indeed . . ."

I was then asked whether I wanted to fill the world with love or pain.

My answer – "Love, I suppose" – was interrupted, as was the novelist, by a knocking from a long wooden box that lay at his feet. A face caked in powder barely disguised his displeasure.

"And what is your message? Your lesson, your teaching?"

"It's just an adventure really," I added. "Like on the telly." That was a mistake. His presence, let alone shocked expression, made my words sound pathetic. Even the pug yelped its disapproval.

"Now you've upset Darvill." The dog was hurriedly scooped up within jewelled hands and thrust towards me as if he were a gift. "Give him a pat and tell him you didn't mean it."

The pug yelped again. I quickly withdrew my hand, asking if he had a licence for the thing. Another mistake. The novelist visibly sagged to the growing disquiet from the wooden box, whilst the pug, snarling at it, revealed puffy gums, its teeth all extracted.

Then I heard the laugh. A maniacal, disembodied laugh that crashed into its surroundings, ever stronger and louder, shaking furnishings as if under the tremors of earthquake. Both author and dog leaped from their seating.

"It's Auntie! Run, Darvill, run!"

I saw my last of them through clouds of plaster, the pug reaching an exit first.

"Jenkins?" The room fell silent to my name, barked like a command by a new presence who, although clearly a man, wore a knitted ladies' two-piece and hid a hairless bonce under a tightly-curled ginger wig.

"Auntie?" I asked. "Do you know me?"

"I know all my little ones. I fed you. Are you not a child of my glass teat?" As the figure approached, I noticed its left sleeve was empty and pinned, Nelson-like, across its padded chest. "Have you seen my commercial arm?"

"No," I said, but once more heard the knocking, and my eyes fell on the long, slim, wooden box.

4.01am I knew when recounting this Nigel would suggest I'd been licking toads, and I would, to his mounting disbelief, deny it, blaming the discovery of July's unusually matt *Eight Doctors* and my recent *Shelf Life* appointment as explanation for why my sanctuary of sleep had again been invaded by the recent preoccupation of my waking hours. I had, against better judgement, re-entered the twilight world of the phantom *Doctor Who* novelist.

The draft Auntie had was more impressive than the reality of my predicament. It was finished, for one. In truth, my Hartnell historical, which started life as a Troughton thriller and is fast becoming a Colin comedy, was first conceived as a McCoy mystery in 1991, amidst high hopes of becoming the first female *New Adventures* novelist. Hopes dashed by a more literate Antipodean, I consigned my efforts to disk – traumatised, Ormanised.

By 1994, it'd become a Pertwee parable, a devilishly original, must-read *Missing Adventure* that no-one else could've possibly even contemplated.

Nigel'd thought of it. Chas'd mentally plotted three chapters and devised a villain for it. And two months later, Someone Bulis had it published.

Only yesterday I had, like Sister Wendy nunning about over a painting, postulated a single adverb for an hour, to produce nothing but the urge for a Wagon Wheel and a private restaging of a playground experiment.

Wonder if I can fit a whole one inside my mouth?

Yeff-fi-can.

A short-lived, hollow victory, as I fear that Wagon Wheels have dramatically shrunk since their seventies zenith. Chas, imposing on my subconscious, asks if I've ever thought that the popularity of *Doctor Who* may be intrinsically linked to the size of the circular jam and mallow biscuit. Strangely, I hadn't. He then has the audacity to start an argument in my own head, joined by Pertwee which, this being a dream, I thought natural enough – until I realised that, dressed in a black boiler suit and sporting a white tin helmet, I had the wrong one.

Chas demanded to know why I'm bothering when I've roughly only half of each book series but enjoyed less than half again, finding the handling of their various agendas so out of step with the programme as to lead you to presume their architects may have wished to be writing or watching something else. He refers to my *Shelf Life*.

Then Pertwee has a go at me, asking why I bother when the weightiest figure on display in any survey concerning the various novel strands is the one pointing to peoples' disinterest. I argue that's the paradox, when most have contemplated submitting their particular homemade classic.

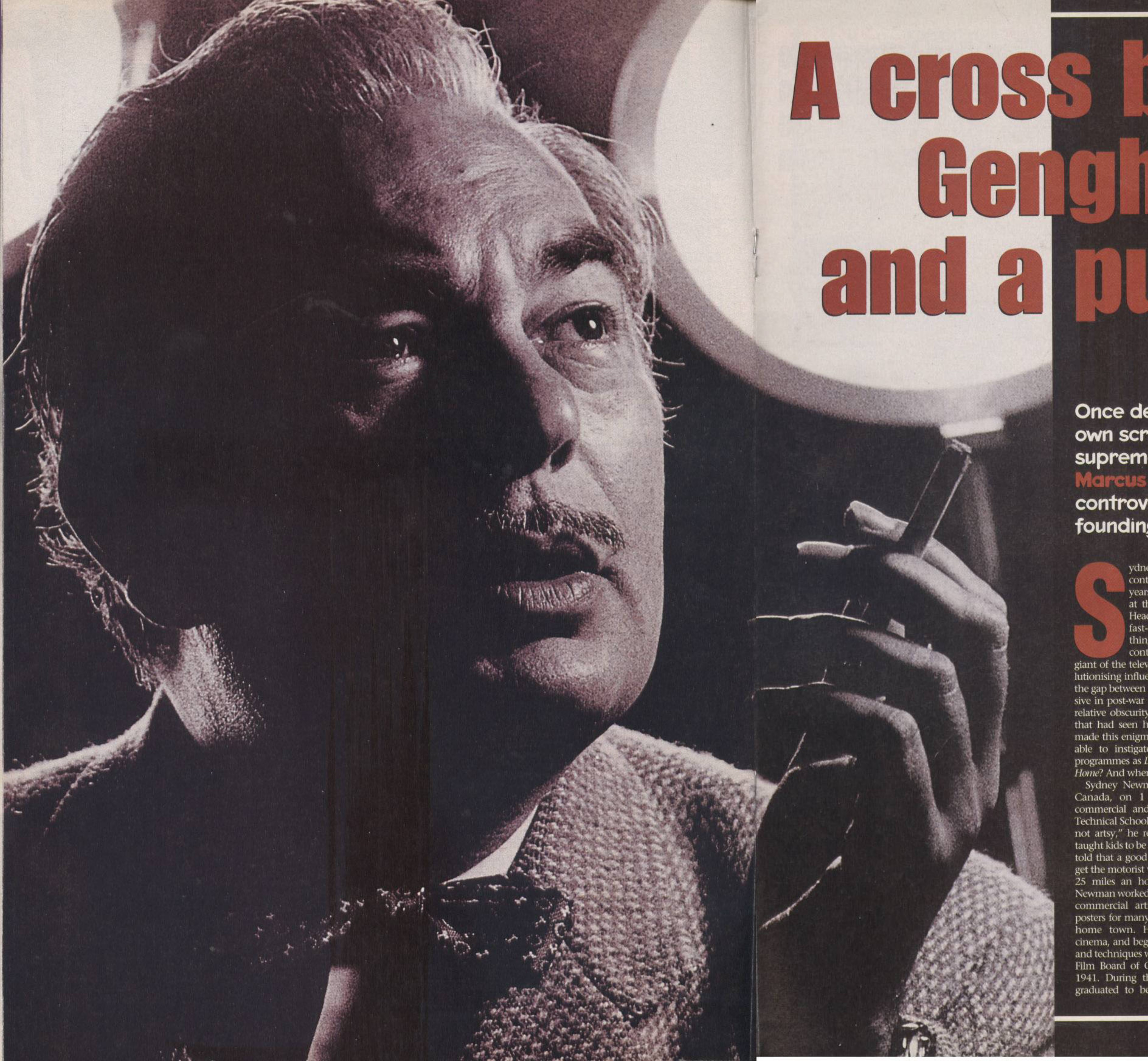
"Whashoresbowthen?"

A tricky question which I skirt round with a Deborah Watling vagueness, relying on "probably a Colin" to summarise the situation.

"It's a mess," he rages. "After six years your head is such a matted network of names and plots that you're unable to produce one you've not heard somewhere before. Everything sounds like something Tom would say. Or has said. Every thought requires confirmation, referencing, Jean-Marcing. Every video, every audio scuppers an idea. You're now so confused that you don't know if the line you've just typed is yours or Sarah Jane's. You've become an *MA*-osaurus. The mere offer of a 'waffer-thin McIntee' and you could burst."

"Hodges," I plead, "I'd such bright hopes." But wearing a face of characteristic irritation, for I had dreamed him well, he offered his blunt, familiar advice:

"Put that light out."



A cross between Genghis Khan and a pussy cat

Once described as such by one of his own script editors, sixties television supremo Sydney Newman died in October. Marcus Hearn reflects upon the controversial career of *Doctor Who*'s founding father.

Sydney Newman's achievements continue to resonate some 30 years after his trail-blazing term at the BBC. His success as the Head of Drama should have fast-tracked him to greater things – a position as a channel controller at least. Instead this giant of the television industry, whose revolutionising influence did no less than bridge the gap between the archaic and the progressive in post-war television, disappeared into relative obscurity by the end of the decade that had seen his greatest successes. What made this enigmatic man tick? How was he able to instigate such brave and diverse programmes as *Doctor Who* and *Cathy Come Home*? And where did it all go wrong?

Sydney Newman was born in Toronto, Canada, on 1 April 1917 and studied commercial and fine arts at the Central Technical School. "The school I went to was not artsy," he recalled in 1967. "Mostly it taught kids to be commercial artists and I was told that a good poster was one that would get the motorist when he was driving past at 25 miles an hour." From 1935 onwards, Newman worked as a stills photographer and commercial artist, painting promotional posters for many of the films playing in his home town. He became fascinated by cinema, and began absorbing its vocabulary and techniques when he joined the National Film Board of Canada as a splicer boy in 1941. During the Second World War he graduated to become an editor and ultimately director of training films and information shorts. In 1945 he produced his first film, *Canada Carries On*, and followed this prestigious debut with a promotion to executive producer, and as such would be responsible for some 300 film documentaries made between 1947 and 1952. However prolific and prestigious (his documentary *After Prison What?* was the recipient of a Canada Award) his initial years at the Film Board, Newman's greatest successes were in the medium of television. In 1954, he became Supervisor of Drama at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and hit the ground running as producer of *General Motors Theatre*, *On Camera*, *Ford Theatre* and *Graphic*. A Film Board secondment to NBC in New York in 1949 had taught him the tricks of the Americans' trade and he used his observations of the punchy, commercial techniques he saw to impressive effect. On emigrating to England, his style would introduce a radical new broom.

Commercial television was launched in Britain in 1955, and embraced an American style of broadcasting that severely dented the complacent BBC's audience share. In 1956, ABC television (which had the weekend franchise for London, the Midlands and the North) launched a seminal drama anthology that would come to spearhead a new wave of progressive drama. *Armchair Theatre* would run for 18 years, but its enduring reputation is largely due to the five years Newman spent supervising its Teddington-based production team. He had arrived at ABC in 1958, and

After Newman joined the BBC, British television drama would never be quite the same again

Above: *The Forstye Saga*, among Newman's last big hits for the BBC. Right: Carol White and Ray Brooks in *Cathy Come Home*, the *Wednesday Play* which put the plight of the homeless at the top of the political agenda. Below right: Vickery Turner and Tony Selby in the kitchen-sink shocker *Up the Junction*.

immediately took British television by the scruff of its neck. "At that time, I found this country to be somewhat class-ridden," he recalled. "The only legitimate theatre was of the 'anyone for tennis' variety, which on the whole presented a condescending view of working-class people. Television dramas were usually adaptations of stage plays, and invariably about the upper classes. I said, 'Damn the upper classes – they don't even own televisions!' My approach was to cater to the people who were buying low-cost things like soap every day – the ordinary blokes the advertisers were aiming to reach."

Whether recognising or reacting to the 'kitchen sink' revolution in British cinema at the time, or projecting nightmarish science fiction scenarios, Sydney Newman's *Armchair Theatre* never lost sight of the fact that effective drama touched its audience by portraying the conflicts and dramas suffered by real people. For his slogan, Newman adopted the James Thurber phrase "Let us not look back in anger, nor forward in fear, but around in awareness." In the late fifties, playwright John Osborne had appropriated the same phrase for the title of a play and film that would epitomise the new wave of social realism sweeping British popular culture. Newman had no axe to grind, and was certainly no 'angry young man'; he opened eyes with television drama that talked to, not at, its audience. And he scored a more profound impact than his contemporaries in the film industry as a result.

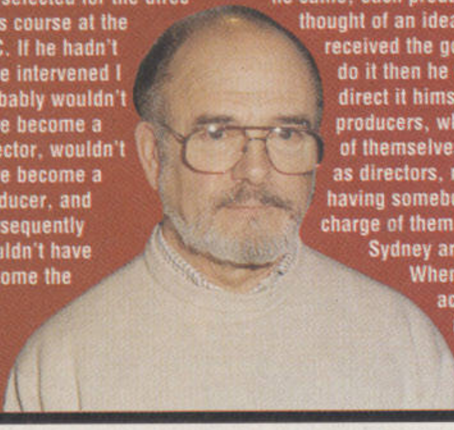
In June 1962 an *Armchair Theatre* transmission of John Wyndham's *Dumb Martian* doubled as the opening instalment of ABC's science fiction anthology *Out Of This World*. Although this 13-episode series was less successful than its forebear, it was the first such anthology broadcast on British television. (One of its writers, Terry Nation, would later make his mark with another Newman show.) Other successes at ABC included the children's science fiction series *Target Luna*, *Pathfinders in Space*, *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus* (written by Malcolm Hulke and Eric Paice and transmitted between 1960 and 1961) and *The Avengers*, which began its original nine-year run under his *aegis* in 1961. ("I never liked the title of the series," he commented, when recalling the exploits of Dr David Keel and enigmatic undercover agent John Steed. "The idea of revenge offended my Canadian sensibility – morally wrong.") It is probably fair to say that the *Pathfinders* saga and the seminal *Avengers* episodes are not held in such high regard as Newman's work on *Armchair Theatre*. They do, however, stand as significant stepping stones; *The Avengers* would evolve into one of the best-loved British television series ever made, and *Pathfinders* took on a retrospective significance as a crude template for *Doctor Who* . . .

The BBC's liberal-minded Director General Sir Hugh Greene had been impressed by *Armchair Theatre* and decided to lure Newman to the BBC. In autumn 1961 Newman received a discreet offer to replace Michael Barry as Head of Drama. He patiently served out his contract at ABC, and began a five-year contract at the BBC in December 1962. Such was his enthusiasm for the challenge he even accepted a £3,000 drop in salary. From January 1963, when Newman's formal duties at the Corporation began, it became clear that his American-influenced production sensibilities and commercial eye would distinguish his reign from that of his immediate predecessor's: "[Barry's] concern was art rather than audiences and in our business that's not good," he asserted. Newman's most radical innovation was the deconstruction of the Drama Department into the Drama Group, an umbrella term for the three departments – Series, Serials and Plays – and the 175 staff under his control. Commissioning power was decentralised and a team-lead production rendered the old-style producer/director largely extinct. With the roles of producer and director now mutually exclusive, commissioning power was put in the hands of production teams; the BBC's Script Department would be the next casualty of Newman's modernisation.

Newman's arrival coincided with a loosening of purse strings in anticipation of the launch of BBC2. Staff levels and drama output increased and, with the backing of Sir Hugh Greene, Newman initiated a broad approach to popular drama. "I took the job because it allowed me scope in areas of drama that had never been allowed to me before. I had never done opera, and I suddenly had opera. I had always shunned classics, and here I was at the BBC responsible for the classics. A whole range of series – we did twice-weekly soaps at the Beeb and I had never been involved in that before. [We were] pushing forward to be the most creative, the most discerning about the changing country, the changing moral and political climate, the changing relationships between minister and parishioner, between union boss and member and so on."

This philosophy was encapsulated in BBC1's renowned drama anthology *The Wednesday Play*, conceived, as Head of Serials Shaun Sutton recalled, "out of his experience and success with *Armchair Theatre* at ABC Television but outstripping it in vision and quality." The series opened in

Seventies *Doctor Who* producer/writer/director Barry Letts remembers . . .



"In 1965, when I was an actor, Sydney was instrumental in getting me selected for the director's course at the BBC. If he hadn't have intervened I probably wouldn't have become a director, wouldn't have become a producer, and consequently wouldn't have become the producer of *Doctor Who*.

"Sydney made an enormous difference at the BBC. Before he came, each producer thought of an idea, and if he received the go-ahead to do it then he would direct it himself. Many producers, who thought of themselves primarily as directors, resented having somebody put in charge of them when Sydney arrived. When I was an actor, I remember being in one play that ground to a halt. We found out later that it was the first time the director had ever worked alongside a producer who was making comments and so on. She rang up Sydney and said, 'Unless you take this man away I won't finish shooting this play.' He was quietly told to keep his mouth shut.

"Eventually, people learned that there were advantages to Sydney's system, and accepted it. As a result, the whole drama operation at the BBC was able to expand in a way it hadn't been able to before."

1965 with *Alice*, Dennis Potter's baroque take on the adventures of Lewis Carroll's famous heroine (a young Deborah Watling played the lead). Potter's 'Nigel Barton' plays followed, as did some outstanding work from playwrights such as David Mercer, Fay Weldon and John Hopkins. *The Wednesday Play* was at its most powerful with Nell Dunn's *Up the Junction* and Jeremy Sandford's *Cathy Come Home*. Both were transmitted in 1965 and directed by Kenneth Loach, who turned the convention of television drama on its head and exposed the anguish and taboos of the 'swinging sixties' in the process. The impact of these plays is difficult to imagine now; they did no less than force a debate over uncomfortable subjects such as abortion and homelessness. Britain was never the same afterwards.

Sydney Newman may not have been directly responsible for the fruits of this creative hothouse, but he created the liberal new climate they thrived in. A talent for the unexpected, along with the benefit of his years of experience, were the qualities that helped him stamp his most enduring success with a commercial edge. Sydney Newman did not initiate the development of *Doctor Who*, nor lay the lion's share of its groundwork (that was the responsibility of Donald Wilson and Cyril Webber), but his influence during its gestation in 1963 gave what might have been a staid and tweedy show an idiosyncratic and – more importantly – robust format that would see it through 26 years of continuous production.

The story of *Doctor Who*'s creation becomes clear by piecing together a jigsaw of internal memos and other documents locked deep inside the BBC's archives. Sydney Newman's personality permeates many of those documents in the form of spidery notes scribbled into the margins of reports compiled by Script Department members Donald Wilson, John Braybon, Alice Frick and CE 'Bunny' Webber. In rejecting Frick's suggestion that the series' principal characters should travel from adventure to adventure in a 'flying saucer' ("not based in reality," he wrote, "too Sunday Press") he was steering his writers away from the science fiction stereotypes and clichés that *Doctor Who* would studiously avoid. Webber's character and concept outlines for the as-yet unnamed series (dated 29 March 1963) were augmented by Newman's insistence that the regular cast needed "a kid to get into trouble. make mistakes." Newman's new programme would, as his previous successes had shown, recognise the need to connect with its target audience in as immediate way as the far-fetched format would allow. (It was later decided to make Doctor Who's companion a teenage girl. The decision to make her the Doctor's grand-daughter was a conservative reinterpretation of his ideas that left him dismayed.) On the same document Webber proposed that, "It would be possible to devise a permanent villain. Our heroes find themselves always coming up against him in various cases: the venal politician who seeks to use every situation to increase his own power; or the industrialist always opposing our heroes." This, amongst other ideas on villains, were singularly dismissed by Newman as "corny". And the Drama Group didn't do corny.

Incorporating Newman's suggestions, Wilson and Webber collaborated on a document titled "Dr. Who – General Notes on Background and Approach". It was April 1963, and the first time the title *Doctor Who* had been applied to the new series. Newman's handwritten input ranged from reminders that the new show should be kept within practical means, to a comment that would go towards defining the character of Doctor Who himself. Wilson and Webber described their leading man as harbouring a "hatred of scientists, inventors, improvers. He can get into a rare paddy when faced with a cave man trying to invent a wheel. He malignantly tries to stop progress (the future) wherever he finds it, while searching for his ideal (the past)." Newman revealed much about his own philosophy towards his work when he scribbled: "Don't like this at all I don't want him to be a reactionary."

This was 1963, the year of Profumo, the first woman in space and Beatlemania. The most progressive decade of the 20th century was beginning, and Newman had his finger on the pulse. "I don't like this much," he concluded of Wilson and Webber's ideas. "It all reads silly and condescending. It doesn't get across the basis of teaching of educational experience – drama based upon and stemming from factual material and scientific phenomena and actual social history of past and future. Dr. Who – would not have a philosophical art-science mind – he'd take science, applied and theoretical, as being natural as eating."

By 16 May 1963 a format document titled "Dr. Who – General Notes on Background and Approach for an Exciting Adventure-Science Fiction Drama Series for Children's Saturday Viewing" had been prepared, and its credited authors – Donald Wilson, CE Webber and Sydney Newman – were satisfied it could form the launching point for a viable series. Doctor Who's companions were listed as Sue, Cliff and Miss McGovern, and the opening adventure was Webber's *The Giants*, but aside from that many of the elements recognisable in the series ultimately transmitted six months later were present. Newman's ideological collision with the old-fashioned pipe-smoking types at the BBC had resulted in a distinctive amalgam of the old and new. In a 20 May memo to BBC1

Newman stood up against those who tried to denigrate Doctor Who and its young producer

The Doctor (William Hartnell) and the "blonde faeries" of the first Dalek serial

chief Donald Baverstock, Newman correctly predicted that *Doctor Who* would be "an outstanding winner".

To produce *Doctor Who*, Newman ultimately head-hunted a young woman who had been one of his production assistants on *Armchair Theatre* at ABC. Verity Lambert would prove an inspired choice. "When Donald Wilson [by now Head of Serials] and I discussed who might take over the responsibility for running the show, I rejected the traditional drama types who did the children's serials, and said that I wanted somebody full of piss and vinegar, who'd be prepared to break rules in doing the show. Somebody with a sense of 'today' – the early 'Swinging London' days."

Lambert recalls being some 15 years younger than many of her colleagues in the Drama Group, and readily admits to having little awareness of the rational scientific theory Newman was determined to instil in *Doctor Who*. There was, however, a greater potential handicap to her acceptance in a regime still reeling from Newman's progressive influence. Lambert concedes that Newman's appointment of a female producer was a brave move: "I think it says more about the man than the period. It was unusual for women to be given responsible jobs in those days and it certainly was very unusual to go from being a production assistant to a producer."

Newman stood firm against those within the BBC who tried to denigrate *Doctor Who* and its young female producer. He fought hard to win adequate studio facilities and promotion for the series. When one senior member of the show's establishing production team challenged Verity Lambert's appointment, Newman sided with his producer in a further rejection of what he saw as BBC stagnancy. Lambert stayed.

"I've picked good people," he told *The Listener* in 1967. "You have to be able to talk to creative people and understand something of the creative process – and protect them within the organisation. Not that the organisation's a nasty enemy. This is the unspectacular, grubby side of my job. If I didn't have these beliefs how could I do *Doctor Who?*"

Just like *The Avengers* before it, when *Doctor Who* found its feet it wasn't exactly with a style Newman had anticipated. Newman had been furious when Honor Blackman joined the cast of *The Avengers*, and he felt betrayed when Terry Nation's Daleks first appeared in *Doctor Who*. He recalled his infamous confrontation with Lambert in *The Daily Sketch* in 1969. "My only firm order to her was 'On no account will I permit any BEMs – bug-eyed monsters of cheap-jack fiction. They're out.' Weeks later, a timid Miss Lambert came and told me about the Daleks. I exploded. But she carefully explained that they weren't really BEMs – they were really humans who had lost their limbs, very sympathetic bits of ironmongery."

If Lambert doubted Newman's faith in her she must have been reassured by a memo dated 6 January 1964. After viewing *The Escape*, the third episode of the first Dalek serial, Newman wrote: "Congratulations are due to you and those working with you on the splendid progress being made on *Dr. Who*. Many, many people have told me how much they enjoy it. Despite the blonde faeries this last episode, *The Escape* contained one very marvellous thing which you should attempt to duplicate as often as possible. I am referring to the demonstration of intelligence by our four heroes – you know the way they figured out how the Daleks operated their machines and how to disable them."

Newman devoted little hands-on time to *Doctor Who* from 1964 onwards. Over the following years he presided over such important drama launches as the twice-weekly soap opera *The Newcomers* and the outlandish fantasy detective series *Adam Adamant Lives!* (both of which Verity Lambert produced when her tenure on *Doctor Who* ended in 1965). One of his last great successes was *The Forsyte Saga*. Produced by Donald Wilson, the programme was launched on BBC2 in 1967 and went on to win a clutch of prestigious awards and a worldwide audience estimated at 160 million. It was a reminder, towards the end of Newman's BBC contract, that the popular misconception of him as television's kitchen sink man was a lazy misrepresentation. "I haven't neglected fun," he remarked in 1969, "and I did dream up Adam Adamant! After all, *Dr Finlay's Casebook* and the Sunday afternoon classic serials didn't have a kitchen sink between them."

On 6 October 1967 it was reported that, despite having been offered a new seven-year contract, Newman was leaving the BBC to take up a position as a producer at the Associated British Picture Corporation. He told *The Sun*: "I have worked hard at the BBC and I think I am a better man than when I came. But I want to get away from

Former BBC Head of Serials Shaun Sutton recalls . . .

"I worked for Sydney as the Head of Serials at the BBC. Amongst these, of course, was *Doctor Who*, a programme he loved. When I was a director Sydney and Donald Wilson asked me to become *Doctor Who*'s first producer, but I turned them down.

"Years later, I remember meeting Sydney in a corridor and he said 'I have a great honour to offer you.' I thought, 'Oh God, that means less money and more work.' He asked me to become the Head of the Serials Department.

"When I was Head of Serials I introduced Patrick Troughton, the second Doctor Who, and Sydney wasn't a bit pleased about that. I was determined to have Patrick Troughton – I knew he was a great actor and I knew he was right for the role. Innes Lloyd, who was the producer of *Doctor Who* at the time, agreed with me. Sydney wasn't very pleased but we talked him round! If you really insisted, and said, 'This is what we must do,' then he would go with you. He liked strength. Later, I suggested we cast Jon Pertwee, who was also an old friend of mine.

"Sydney was a great guy to work for. He was very forceful, and could be quite brash – if you did something wrong he told you off good and hard. But if you got it right he was enormous in his praise. He watched you like a hawk, and let you know whether he thought the programmes were good or bad. Probably the worst thing you could hear him say was, 'Ho hum.' That meant he thought it was boring!

"I think he was the first man in television to form a barrier between the controllers and directors on the Sixth Floor and the people who made programmes. Sydney was marvellous at protecting us from the wrong sort of interference. There were conventionalists in the BBC who objected to programmes like *Cathy Come Home* and were concerned that we may be upsetting the Government. But Sydney was a sort of television Royal Court, and he was absolutely right to introduce such programmes. He allowed for the kind of liberality that drama needed at that time.

"It didn't work when Sydney went over to ABPC, and he never really made it in film. I met up with him during that time and he told me, 'It's a difficult job – if you balls up in television it's forgotten by the next week. If you do it in film it lasts forever.' They wanted much more commercial stuff than I think Sydney wanted to make and he fell foul of them.

"I think he was wasted when he went back to Canada. I didn't see him in his later years, which I regret because I liked him very much. He was a man ahead of his time."

Even before its launch, Newman predicted that Doctor Who would be "an outstanding winner"

my executive's chair and become a creative worker again." In November he won the Desmond Davis Award For Outstanding Creative Work in Television and left the BBC forever a month after. It was perhaps the greatest professional mistake he made.

Newman arrived at ABPC's Elstree Studios in late December 1967. His timing was poor – the public's exodus from cinema to television and bingo had contributed to an ongoing decline in movie attendance. The virtual collapse of the British film industry, prompted by the withdrawal of funding by American distributors, was only a couple of years away. The more astute had already seen the writing on the wall. During 1968, Newman's profile at ABPC was low. Elstree was dominated not by cinema production but by television series such as *The Avengers* (now filmed, and a very different beast from the series that Newman had left behind in 1962).

He planned to make four pictures for ABPC: *Nightclimber*, a thriller about a man who climbed the face of buildings; a film about a decadent Scottish family shot in the style of a Hollywood Western; a film about a heart transplant surgeon who murders a woman to obtain her heart and a story concerning a Cockney on the run with £125,000. Newman had to wait until February 1969 before he was allotted his first budget – £360,000. Soon after, EMI launched an acquisition bid for ABPC and all bets were off. EMI's takeover was complete by the summer, and Newman was dismissed at the end of June. In the 18 months he had spent with the organisation he had failed to bring one single project to fruition. As he cleared his desk in his Wardour Street office, Newman admitted to *The Observer* that he held little enthusiasm for any of the potential projects anyway. "I had to prove to them I could make money their way before they'd trust me to do the things I really wanted. I know how their minds work. If I won every festival award and didn't make money, they'd think I was a dog. [The film industry] takes everything from creative people and gives nothing back. It's all take, take, take." The reporter noted that Newman seemed happy, perhaps relieved, that the months of frustration were over. "Don't look back in anger, nor forward with fear, but around with awareness," Newman added, grinning.

Bitter over "18 months of futile waste", and reluctant to return to the BBC (he was reportedly offered an executive producership by the Corporation on the same day he left the film business) Newman flew back to Canada on 3 January 1970. "British television," the *Sunday Times* noted, "will never be the same again."

Relocating to Ottowa, Newman became Special Advisor to the regulatory Canadian Radio-Television Commission. Soon after, he moved to Montreal to become Chief Commissioner of the National Film Board of Canada. When, in July 1975, his contract expired, it was not renewed. "I'm impossible in French," Newman admitted to *The Toronto Star*. "I think that the head of this place should be bilingual. But coming to it in my years [57] there was nothing I could do. People have been very nice and tolerant, but in the end it didn't work out very well." His work, he admitted, had often failed to meet his own high standards. "We made between 120 and 180 films per year at the film board over five years. I wish I could say that more than 15 to 20 per cent were excellent. I wish I could say 30 per year, but I can't." Newman's active professional life began to wind down: he spent two years as Special Advisor on Film to the Secretary of State, followed by a brief part-time consultancy with the Canadian Film Development Corporation.

Newman briefly returned to England to participate in an edition of *The South Bank Show* in 1979. Following the death of his beloved wife Betty, he once more made London his home. Visitors to his flat were bemused to note a memento of his time at the BBC in the shape of a toy Dalek perched on his mantelpiece.

During the eighties, Newman regarded the mounting interest in his contribution to *Doctor Who* with a degree of bemusement. In 1986 he met BBC1 Controller Michael Grade with "some ideas for changing *Doctor Who*" and a request that his name be added to the programme's closing credits. Nothing ultimately came of their meeting, but Newman should have been content in the knowledge that his reputation needed no such re-affirmation.

"I've done a million things," he said, when asked if he looked back on *Doctor Who* with fondness. "I paint pictures, sculpt, and I love driving a car. These and *Doctor Who* are minutes in my life of years." DWM

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk. No other correspondence by e-mail, please. Subscriptions enquiries to the address on page 2 only.

SHORT BUT SWEET (AS IS THIS LETTER)

I'm writing to express my concern over the lack of pictures and posters of Victoria Waterfield in **DWM** over the last 50 or so issues. Please could we have more pictures of her, as she's my favourite.

Adam
via e-mail

THE KEY TO TOM

After reading your interview with Tom Baker in **DWM** 258 I couldn't help but read it again! The content alone was entertaining and informative but the style in which it was written made it a joy to read again and again. Interviewer Gary Gillatt might have been afraid that he would be unable to capture Tom's personality on paper but I think he did a fantastic job! I enjoyed the interplay between Gary and Tom, and the questions posed resulted in a variety of fascinating answers. Often, when reading interviews with famous stars, I find myself disappointed by their behaviour or their general interest in fans. This piece seemed to capture the best of Tom (even with the criticisms). Thank you for making a first-time subscriber happy . . .

David Loyless
via e-mail

May I congratulate you on an excellent edition? A first-rate interview with Tom Baker and a thoughtful analysis. As with his Paul McGann interview last year, Gary has given us a memorable feature. I had the pleasure of meeting Tom Baker at a book-signing session and your feature reflected many of my own thoughts. He was charming, but remained very much an enigma. Perhaps the question "Who on Earth is Tom Baker?" may never be answered.

Gareth Humphreys
via e-mail

HE'S BACK – AND IT'S ABOUT TIME!

In **DWM** 258, Martin Harris complains about the BBC Books novels drawing excessively from elements of the show's past. Well, *Illegal Alien* contains one such element that hasn't been seen for so long that it was a delight to encounter again – the Seventh Doctor as he was portrayed on TV! What have we been missing?

Paul Tapner
Poole, Dorset

DON'T BASH BUSH

I opened **DWM** 258 to find Matthew Jones' *Fluid Links* tackling companion/Doctor relationships, and specifically the way most eighties companions seemed to moan at the Doctor a lot. I was looking forward to his contrasting the wonderful Melanie, who was cute and loveable and got along with the Doctor like a house on fire, with the likes of Tegan and Peri.

Instead, I read that Mel "cruelly bullied" the Sixth Doctor. This seems ludicrous to me – it's not like he couldn't have resisted her. No! She was merely helping a dear friend shed some unwanted pounds.

The fitness subplot was minor and only referred to on a couple of piffling occasions. The rumours that there were cut scenes involving Colin being chained to the exerciser and pedalling furiously while Bonnie stands over him with a whip are completely unfounded . . .

Alden Bates
via e-mail

JACKIE, OH!

I found it ironic that in Jackie Jenkins' *Shelf Life* review of fan writing compilation *Licence Denied* [**DWM** 258] she mentions "cliquey sections, referring to individuals who are meaningless on the High Street" when she has been going on about Chas and Nigel (whoever they are) a few paragraphs before.

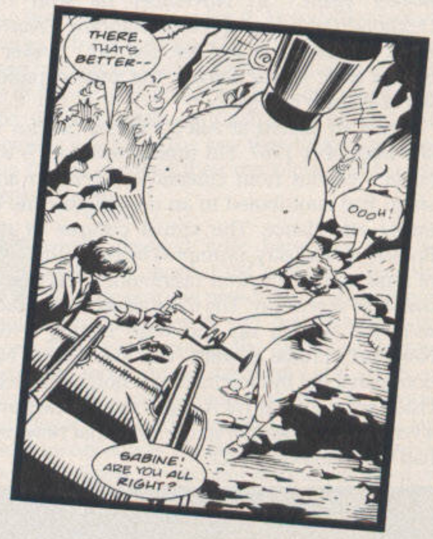
Her monthly column may look intelligent at first glance, and she probably thinks she's being pretty smart by referring to her pointless personal life, but it's not true! Why should anyone care about what pathetic activities she's engaged in? I certainly don't. Her column is a waste of space. I know you won't get rid of her just because of this letter, but I wanted my opinion to be known. Let us unite, Jenkins-haters!

Jonathan Carter
via e-mail

Some criticisms Jackie Jenkins makes in her review of *Licence Denied* seem to be more valid than others. For example, it's undoubtedly true that this book suffers from being a reflection of fandom as editor Paul Cornell sees it, rather than a broader overview. However, it seems a bit silly to criticise a Cornell-edited book because it reads as though Cornell edited it. The reader cannot say that s/he hasn't been warned. Indeed, as Jenkins notes, he admits in the introduction that the book can only be, almost by definition, a mere sample. I disagree more strongly with her statement "Unfortunately, his opinions read as fact". Maybe it's just me, but when I read opinionated non-fiction books, I take it as a given that what I am reading are the conclusions of the man whose name is on the spine. I also agree with Jackie that another collection, perhaps covering early fandom, seems warranted. But again it seems irrelevant to criticise this book for not being that one.

Ben Varkentine
via e-mail

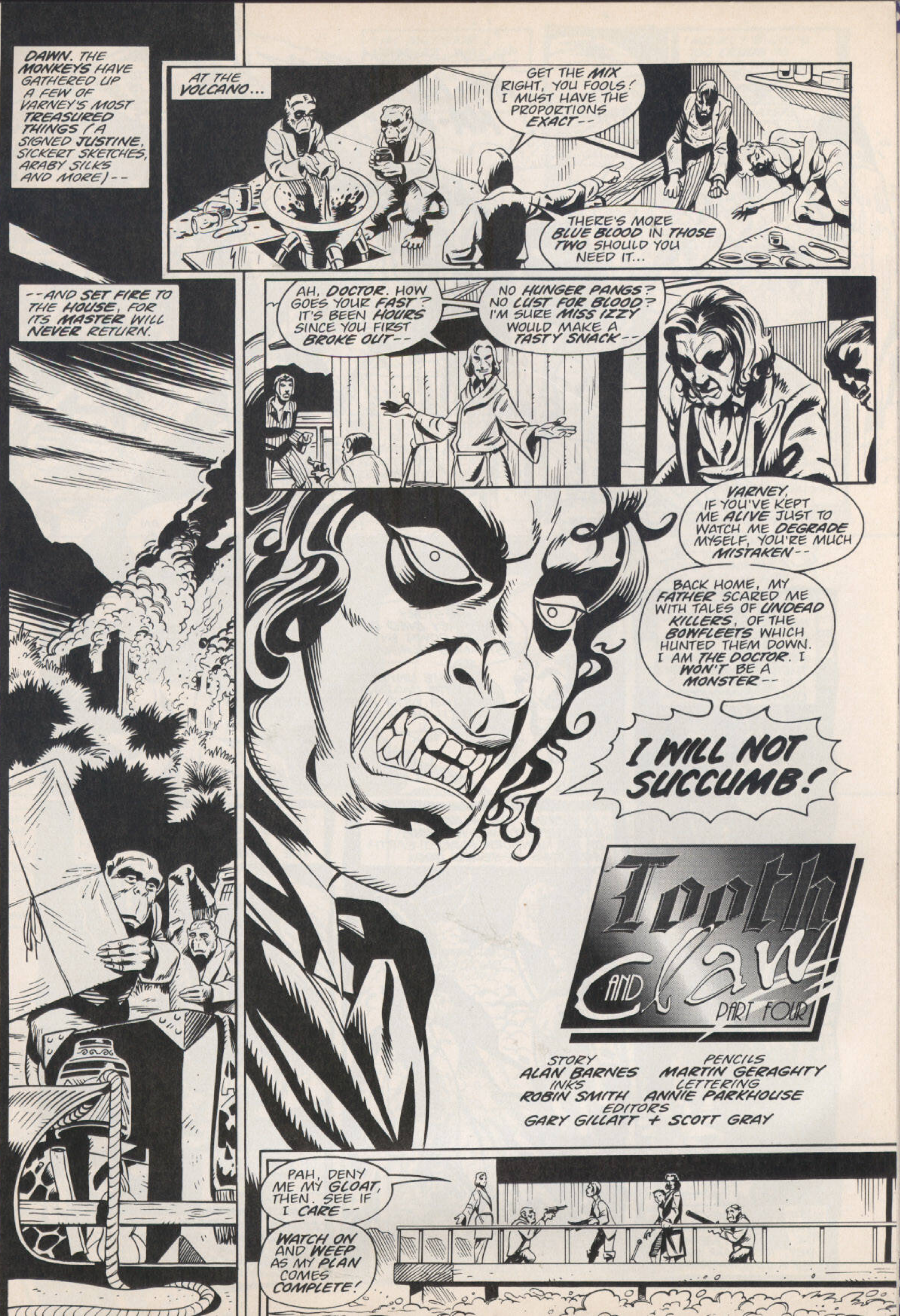
AND FINALLY . . .

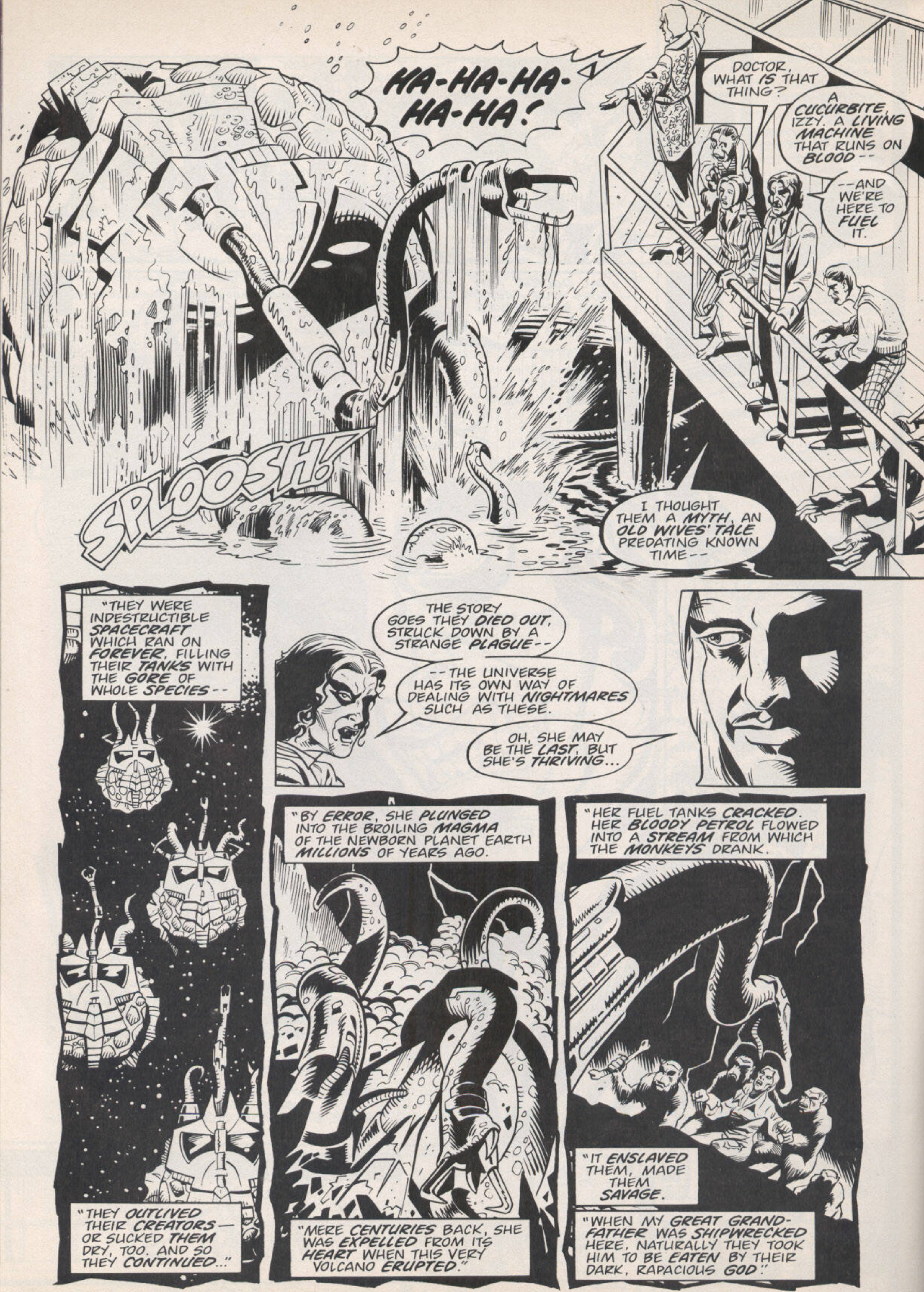

THERE. THAT'S BETTER--
OOOH!
SABINE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

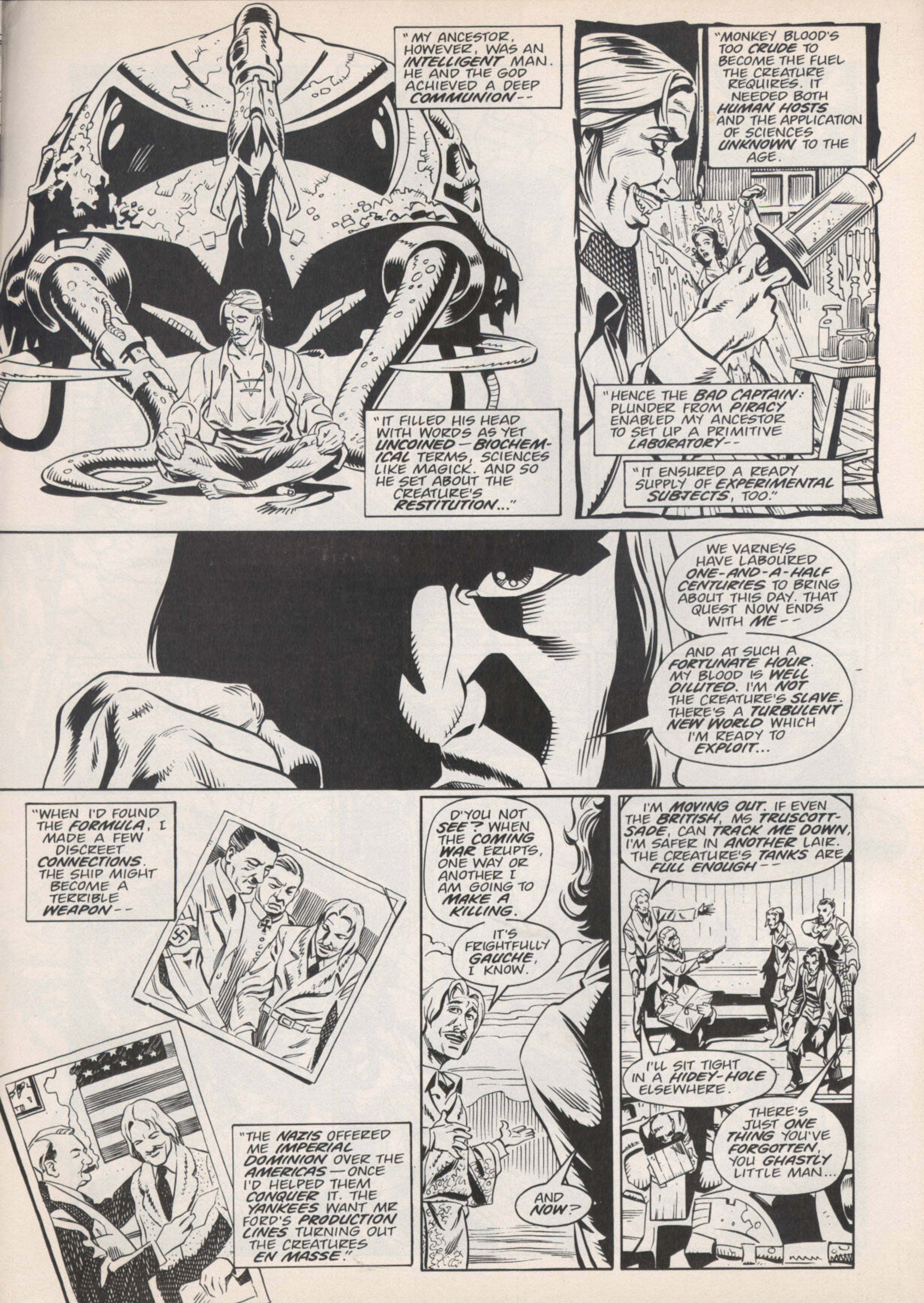
I am particularly fond of your comic strip which I find to be one of your publication's highlights, consistently well-written and beautifully rendered. But is it my imagination or does the switch which the Doctor pulls in panel one of page six of *Tooth C and Law* Part Two (as the title appears to be) release a giant hidden light-bulb that drops from the roof of the cave and wallops the amazingly-breasted Miss Snitching senseless?

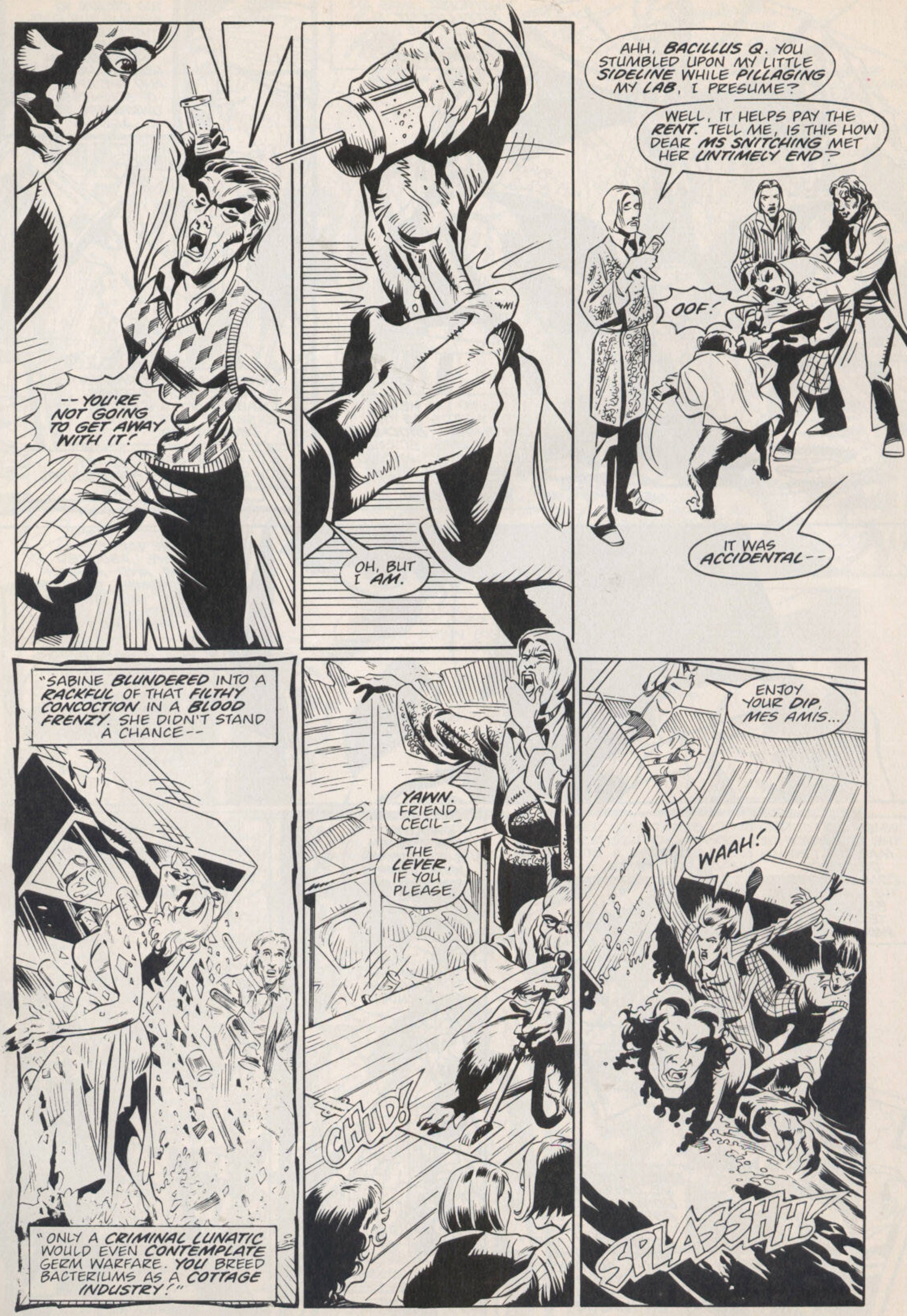
Karl Alexander
Brackla, Mid Glamorgan

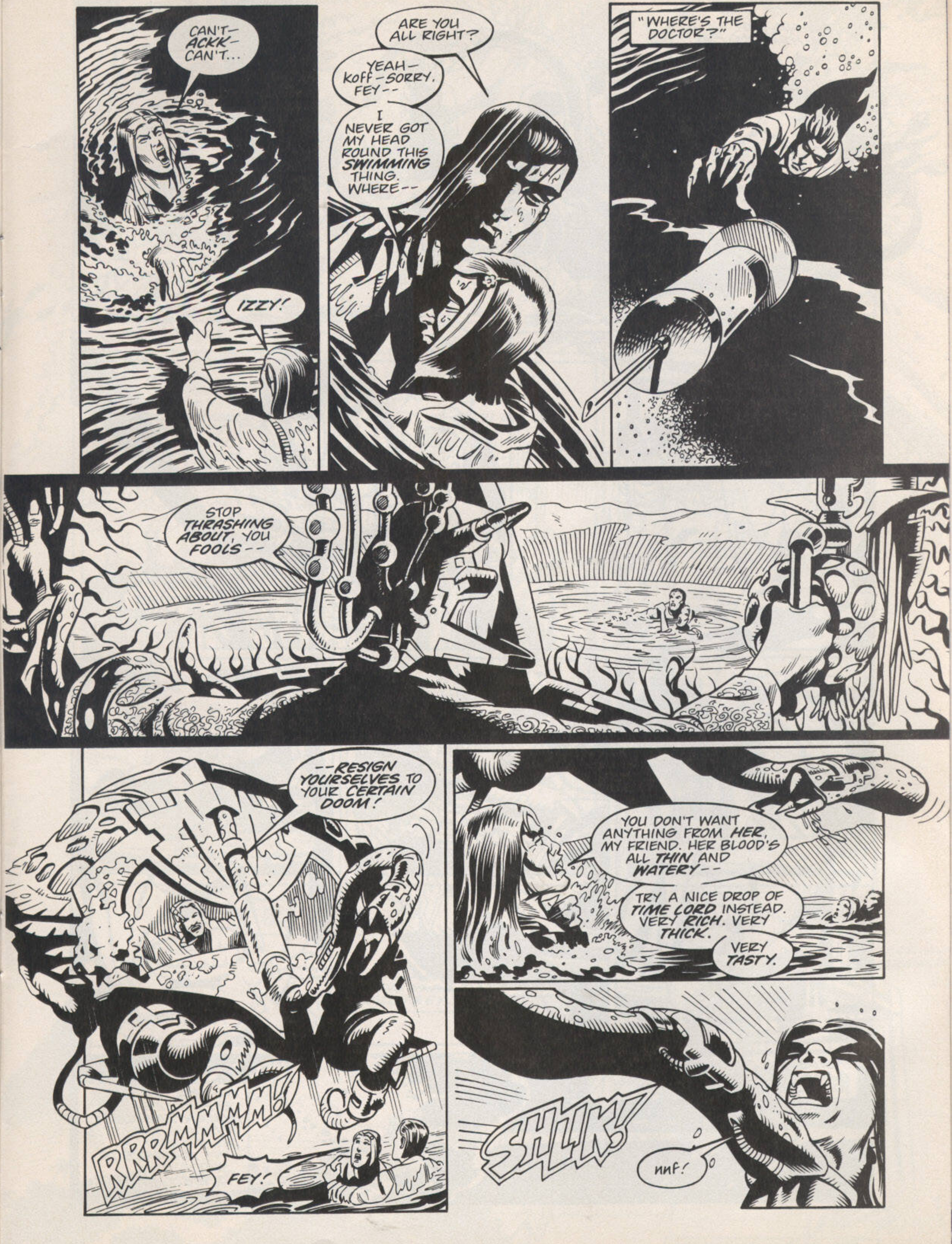
Oh, very funny.

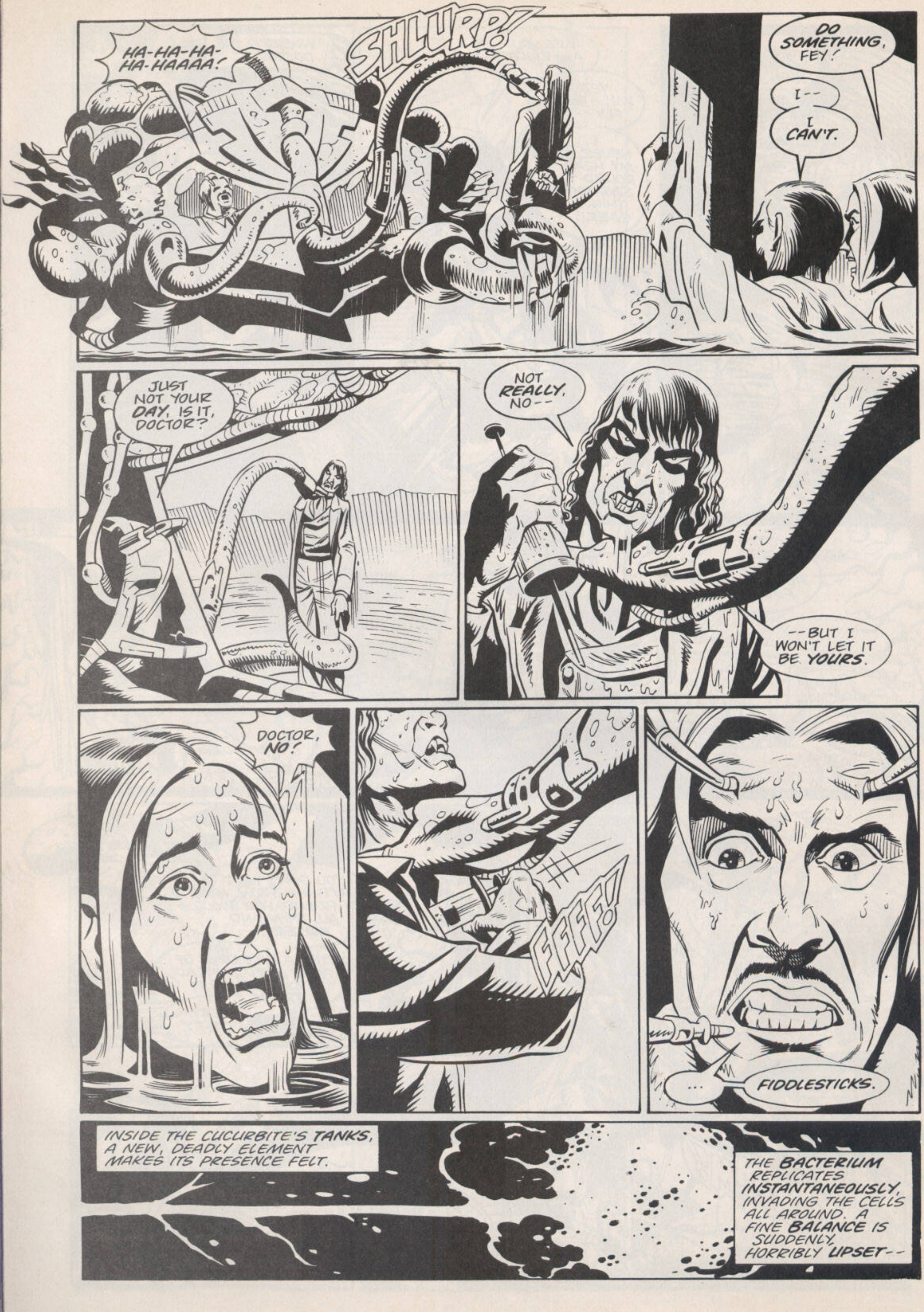

DAWN. THE MONKEYS HAVE GATHERED UP A FEW OF VARNEY'S MOST TREASURED THINGS (A SIGNED JUSTINE, SICKERT SKETCHES, ARABY SILKS AND MORE)--
--AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE, FOR ITS MASTER WILL NEVER RETURN.
AT THE VOLCANO...
GET THE MIX RIGHT, YOU FOOLS! I MUST HAVE THE PROPORTIONS EXACT--
THERE'S MORE BLUE BLOOD IN THOSE TWO SHOULD YOU NEED IT...
AH, DOCTOR. HOW GOES YOUR FAST? IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE YOU FIRST BROKE OUT--
NO HUNGER PANGS? NO LUST FOR BLOOD? I'M SURE MISS IZZY WOULD MAKE A TASTY SNACK--
VARNEY, IF YOU'VE KEPT ME ALIVE JUST TO WATCH ME DEGRADE MYSELF, YOU'RE MUCH MISTAKEN--
BACK HOME, MY FATHER SCARED ME WITH TALES OF UNDEAD KILLERS, OF THE BOWFLEETS WHICH HUNTED THEM DOWN. I AM THE DOCTOR. I WON'T BE A MONSTER--
I WILL NOT SUCCUMB!
TOOTH AND CLAW
PART FOUR
STORY ALAN BARNES
PENCILS MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING ANNIE PARKHOUSE
EDITORS GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY
PAH, DENY ME MY GLOAT, THEN. SEE IF I CARE--
WATCH ON AND WEEP AS MY PLAN COMES COMPLETE!

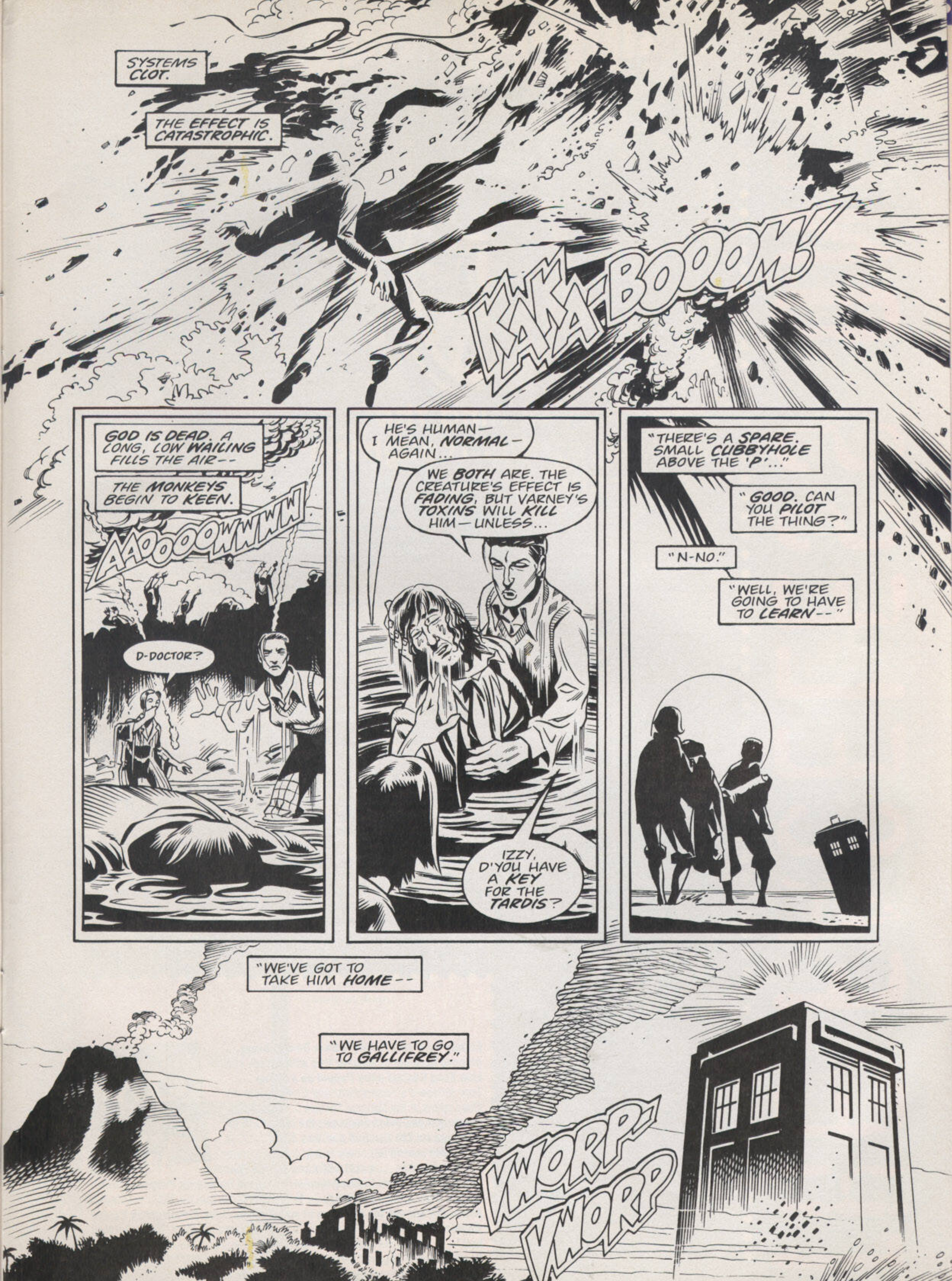

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
DOCTOR, WHAT IS THAT THING?
A CUCURBITE, IZZY. A LIVING MACHINE THAT RUNS ON BLOOD--
--AND WE'RE HERE TO FUEL IT.
SPLOOSH!
I THOUGHT THEM A MYTH, AN OLD WIVES' TALE PREDATING KNOWN TIME--
"THEY WERE INDESTRUCTIBLE SPACECRAFT WHICH RAN ON FOREVER, FILLING THEIR TANKS WITH THE GORE OF WHOLE SPECIES--
THE STORY GOES THEY DIED OUT, STRUCK DOWN BY A STRANGE PLAGUE--
--THE UNIVERSE HAS ITS OWN WAY OF DEALING WITH NIGHTMARES SUCH AS THESE.
OH, SHE MAY BE THE LAST, BUT SHE'S THRIVING...
"THEY OUTLIVED THEIR CREATORS—OR SUCKED THEM DRY, TOO. AND SO THEY CONTINUED..."
"BY ERROR, SHE PLUNGED INTO THE BROILING MAGMA OF THE NEWBORN PLANET EARTH MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.
"MERE CENTURIES BACK, SHE WAS EXPELLED FROM ITS HEART WHEN THIS VERY VOLCANO ERUPTED."
"HER FUEL TANKS CRACKED. HER BLOODY PETROL FLOWED INTO A STREAM FROM WHICH THE MONKEYS DRANK.
"IT ENSLAVED THEM, MADE THEM SAVAGE.
"WHEN MY GREAT GRAND-FATHER WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE, NATURALLY THEY TOOK HIM TO BE EATEN BY THEIR DARK, RAPACIOUS GOD."


"MY ANCESTOR, HOWEVER, WAS AN INTELLIGENT MAN. HE AND THE GOD ACHIEVED A DEEP COMMUNION--
"IT FILLED HIS HEAD WITH WORDS AS YET UNCOINED—BIOCHEMICAL TERMS, SCIENCES LIKE MAGICK. AND SO HE SET ABOUT THE CREATURE'S RESTITUTION..."
"MONKEY BLOOD'S TOO CRUDE TO BECOME THE FUEL THE CREATURE REQUIRES. IT NEEDED BOTH HUMAN HOSTS AND THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCES UNKNOWN TO THE AGE.
"HENCE THE BAD CAPTAIN: PLUNDER FROM PIRACY ENABLED MY ANCESTOR TO SET UP A PRIMITIVE LABORATORY--
"IT ENSURED A READY SUPPLY OF EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS, TOO."
WE VARNEYS HAVE LABOURED ONE-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES TO BRING ABOUT THIS DAY. THAT QUEST NOW ENDS WITH ME--
AND AT SUCH A FORTUNATE HOUR. MY BLOOD IS WELL DILUTED. I'M NOT THE CREATURE'S SLAVE. THERE'S A TURBULENT NEW WORLD WHICH I'M READY TO EXPLOIT...
"WHEN I'D FOUND THE FORMULA, I MADE A FEW DISCREET CONNECTIONS. THE SHIP MIGHT BECOME A TERRIBLE WEAPON--
"THE NAZIS OFFERED ME IMPERIAL DOMINION OVER THE AMERICAS—ONCE I'D HELPED THEM CONQUER IT. THE YANKEES WANT MR FORD'S PRODUCTION LINES TURNING OUT THE CREATURES EN MASSE."
D'YOU NOT SEE? WHEN THE COMING WAR ERUPTS, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I AM GOING TO MAKE A KILLING.
IT'S FRIGHTFULLY GAUCHE, I KNOW.
AND NOW?
I'M MOVING OUT. IF EVEN THE BRITISH, MS TRUSCOTT-SADE, CAN TRACK ME DOWN, I'M SAFER IN ANOTHER LAIR. THE CREATURE'S TANKS ARE FULL ENOUGH--
I'LL SIT TIGHT IN A HIDEY-HOLE ELSEWHERE.
THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, YOU GHASTLY LITTLE MAN...


--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!
OH, BUT I AM.
AHH, BACILLUS Q. YOU STUMBLED UPON MY LITTLE SIDELINE WHILE PILLAGING MY LAB, I PRESUME?
WELL, IT HELPS PAY THE RENT. TELL ME, IS THIS HOW DEAR MS SNITCHING MET HER UNTIMELY END?
OOF!
IT WAS ACCIDENTAL--
"SABINE BLUNDERED INTO A RACKFUL OF THAT FILTHY CONCOCTION IN A BLOOD FRENZY. SHE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE--
"ONLY A CRIMINAL LUNATIC WOULD EVEN CONTEMPLATE GERM WARFARE. YOU BREED BACTERIUMS AS A COTTAGE INDUSTRY!"
YAWN. FRIEND CECIL--
THE LEVER, IF YOU PLEASE.
CHUD!
ENJOY YOUR DIP, MES AMIS...
WAAH!
SPLASSHH!


CAN'T—*ACKK*—CAN'T...
IZZY!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH—KOFF—SORRY, FEY--
I NEVER GOT MY HEAD ROUND THIS *SWIMMING* THING. WHERE--
"WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?"
STOP *THRASHING ABOUT*, YOU *FOOLS*--
--*RESIGN YOURSELVES* TO YOUR *CERTAIN DOOM!*
RRRMMMM!
FEY!
YOU DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM *HER*, MY FRIEND. HER BLOOD'S ALL *THIN* AND *WATERY*--
TRY A NICE DROP OF *TIME LORD* INSTEAD. VERY *RICH*. VERY *THICK*.
VERY *TASTY*.
SHLIK!
nnf!


HA-HA-HA-HA-HAAAA!
SHLURP!
DO SOMETHING, FEY!
I--
I CAN'T.
JUST NOT YOUR DAY, IS IT, DOCTOR?
NOT REALLY, NO--
--BUT I WON'T LET IT BE YOURS.
DOCTOR, NO!
FFFF!
...
FIDDLESTICKS.
INSIDE THE CUCURBITE'S TANKS, A NEW, DEADLY ELEMENT MAKES ITS PRESENCE FELT.
THE BACTERIUM REPLICATES INSTANTANEOUSLY, INVADING THE CELLS ALL AROUND. A FINE BALANCE IS SUDDENLY, HORRIBLY UPSET--


SYSTEMS CLOT.
THE EFFECT IS CATASTROPHIC.
KAKA-BOOOM!
GOD IS DEAD. A LONG, LOW WAILING FILLS THE AIR--
THE MONKEYS BEGIN TO KEEN.
AAOOOOWWWW
D-DOCTOR?
HE'S HUMAN— I MEAN, NORMAL— AGAIN...
WE BOTH ARE. THE CREATURE'S EFFECT IS FADING, BUT VARNEY'S TOXINS WILL KILL HIM— UNLESS...
IZZY, D'YOU HAVE A KEY FOR THE TARDIS?
"THERE'S A SPARE. SMALL CUBBYHOLE ABOVE THE 'P'..."
"GOOD. CAN YOU PILOT THE THING?"
"N-NO."
"WELL, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN--"
"WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM HOME--
"WE HAVE TO GO TO GALLIFREY."
VWORP-VWORP

CONTINUED IN DWM 262...

THE FACELESS ONES

The story behind the making of this Troughton spine-chiller . . .

If there was ever a 'forgotten' *Doctor Who* story, then *The Faceless Ones* is it – a spooky *Invasion of the Bodysnatchers*-inflected six-parter concerning an implacable race of alien scientists replacing airline passengers with their own kind. Perhaps playing on the fears of a public becoming used to suddenly-affordable charter flights to foreign climes, *The Faceless Ones* has slipped into relative obscurity since its transmission in the spring of 1967; never since repeated, not even the two episodes to have evaded destruction have received any real public airing since.

The saga begins in 1966, when two previously rejected writers submitted a storyline to the BBC in the hope that their pooled talents might succeed where, individually, they'd failed. Two of sometime *Avengers* scripter Malcolm Hulke's storylines, *The Hidden Planet* and *Britain AD 408*, had been much-discussed as possible First Doctor adventures; meanwhile, *Z Cars* writer David Ellis' *The People Who Couldn't Remember* had been seriously considered for production in Season Four.

Scripts for *The Big Store*, a four-part adventure featuring the First Doctor, Polly and Ben, were commissioned from the pair. Set in an English department store in 1973, the serial concerned a race of aliens whose covert infiltration of the shop floor – kidnapping customers and adopting their appearance – heralded a plot to conquer the planet with a plague bacillus. Producer Innes Lloyd, although fascinated by these ideas, requested that the adventure be relocated to a more 'now' airport setting – and asked the writers to extend the story from four episodes to a more cost-effective six. Early in 1967, Hulke and Ellis visited London Airport to discuss technical aspects of *The Chameleons*, as the essentially all-new adventure was initially known.

Germane to the commission was the requirement to write out companions Polly and Ben, of whom Lloyd was apparently disenchanted. Although at this point contracted for eight further episodes, actors Anneke Wills and Michael Craze were to find that their characters featured in only three of the serial's six instalments; upon Lloyd's instruction, the writers had the dolly Polly and seaman Ben kidnapped towards the end of Episode 2, only reappearing to bid their adieus to the Doctor on film in the final part. Craze was very disappointed: "We weren't happy with being sidelined like that, but it was the way upstairs wanted to do it. I pleaded with Innes that he should kill off the character or make him leave with some dramatic bang . . ."

Hulke and Ellis developed one of their characters as a putative new companion; stumbling into cahoots with the Doctor while on the search of her missing brother, she was briefly named "Cleopatra 'Cleo' Briggs" before plain "Samantha Briggs" was settled on. Fledgling director Gerry Mill cast actress Pauline Collins in the role. "It was my idea to play it Liverpool as all the others had been middle-class girls," remembers Collins of the Scouse Samantha. "They actually asked me to stay in the series and do 36 episodes, but I'm a mover-on and I didn't want to do any more." The production team would be charmed by Collins' portrayal: "She had an urbanity," remembered Lloyd. "There was something about her which would attract a family audience, which we were looking for . . ."

Film sequences were shot on the concourses, runways and hangars of London's suburban Gatwick Airport in mid-March. A number of model shots – among them, a Chameleon Tours jet transforming into a torpedo-like satellite – needed remounting, allegedly due to problems with props builders Shawcraft, who were never invited to work on the series again. Each episode was recorded in studio at Lime Grove D exactly one week in advance of transmission, as the preceding *The Macra Terror* had been. The studio sessions, therefore, took place after *Radio Times*' publication deadlines; since the magazine would be unable to print pictures taken in studio, 'official' photographs were only ever taken on location (these showed stars Patrick Troughton and Fraser Hines cowering in the shadow of an aircraft's fuselage). No formal pictures are known to have been taken of the other cast members, nor of the blank-visaged Chameleons themselves – figures in dark sleeveless overalls with a blistered, veiny latex make-up coated in glistening Vaseline. The 'telesnaps' reprinted here are thus of incalculable value to *Doctor Who* scholars . . .

Like so many serials of this era, prints of the serial were destroyed in the early seventies. A copy of Episode 1 did, however, survive at the BBC Film Library and, in 1987, a jumpy telerecording of Episode 3 was recovered from private hands. Episodes 2, 4, 5 and 6 are only known to exist as sound recordings – and as the off-air images exclusively published over the next six issues of **DWM**.

Boarding passes at the ready, please. Your Chameleon Tours flight will be departing shortly . . .

BETWEEN 8 APRIL AND 13 MAY 1967, WHILE THE FACELESS ONES AIRS ON BBC1 . . .

BEATLES
MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Former Ford cars factory worker Sandie Shaw prances barefoot to Number One with British Eurovision Song Contest entry *Puppet on a String* . . . Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* opens at the National Theatre . . . **Scurrilous playwright Joe Orton discusses the institution of marriage on *The Eamonn Andrews Show* . . .** The Tories win control of County Hall in Greater London Council elections . . . **Local ABCs screen new Hammer horror *Frankenstein Created Woman* and Carry On Scarlet Pimpernel burlesque *Don't Lose Your Head* . . .** Britain applies to join the EEC . . . **Princess Alexandra attends the premiere of spoof James Bond extravaganza *Casino Royale. The Financial Times* calls it "142 minutes of sheer, unadulterated hell" . . .** The twists and turns of *The Forsyte Saga* grip the nation . . . **The Beatles record *Magical Mystery Tour* while the world awaits the 1 June release of of their magnum opus, *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band***

The Telesnap Archive

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost for ever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

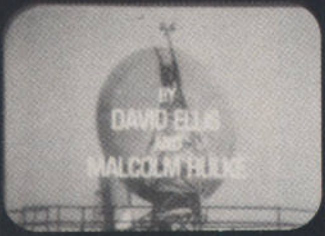
The Faceless Ones

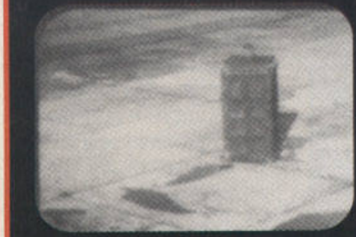
Episode 1

by David Ellis & Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Gerry Mill
Transmitted 8 April 1967

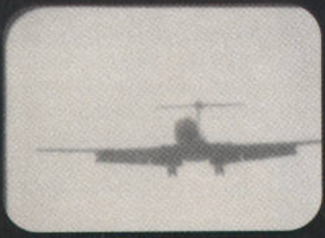
Editor's note: although Episode 1 of this story did survive the BBC archive purge, the telesnaps are presented here to retain narrative flow.

THE FACELESS ONES

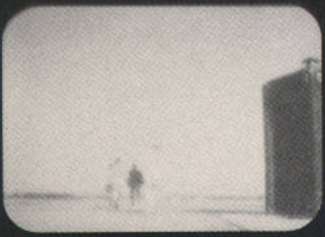




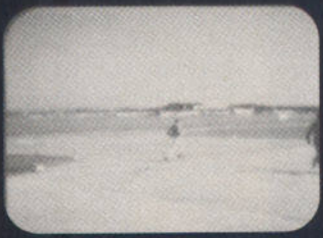
The TARDIS materialises and Jamie and the Doctor step out onto a concrete airport runway. Looking round, Jamie grabs the Doctor.



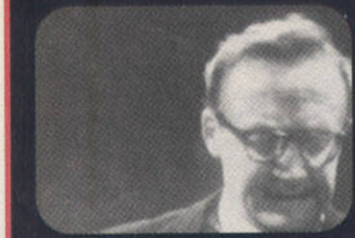
"It's a flying beastie!" he exclaims as a plane bears down on them.



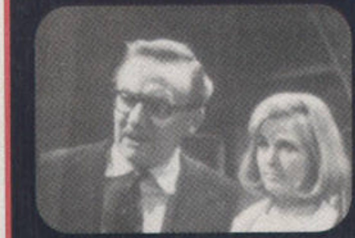
As the Doctor and Jamie turn to run, Ben and Polly emerge from the TARDIS and follow them. The plane climbs to avoid the TARDIS and banks away from the runway.



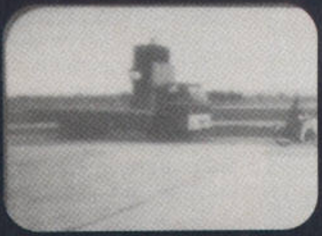
The fleeing time travellers soon run into a policeman. "Hey you, stop!" he yells. "Scatter," the Doctor instructs his companions. They run in different directions and the policeman elects to pursue Ben.



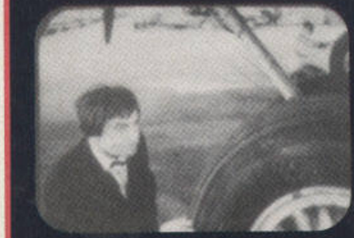
In Air Traffic Control, the Commandant is informed that a police telephone box is obstructing the runway. His secretary places a call to the airport police, who are told to investigate the matter.



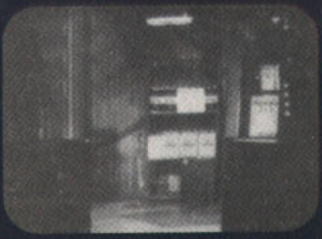
"Police box," he mutters with tired irritation.



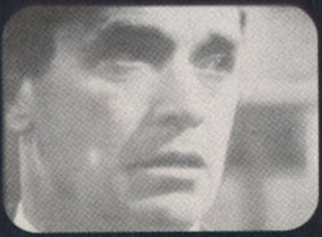
Two police motorcyclists speed off to investigate. They return escorting the Doctor's time machine, which is lashed to the back of a lorry. Ben, having eluded the policeman, wanders around the hangars.



The Doctor and Jamie are hiding beneath a plane. Emerging from the hangar where she has been hiding, Polly ducks back when she sees the policeman. A sign on the door reads "Chameleon Tours".



Hearing voices, Polly hides behind a crate. "Just a minute," a man in a pilot's uniform says. "Give me that envelope," he demands as he follows another man down into the hangar and orders him to stop.

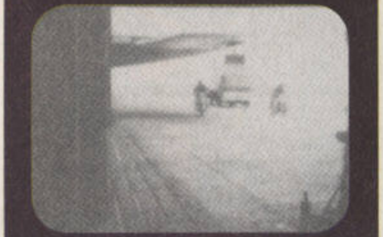


As the man turns round, the pilot reaches inside his jacket, produces a strange weapon and fires it. The man is instantly engulfed in a bright light, and clutches his face before falling to the floor.

Unaware he is being watched by Polly, the pilot retrieves the envelope, covers the body and returns to the office upstairs, where he activates a hidden control. A set of shelves slide back to reveal a room full of electronics.

Sat behind a desk, he activates one of the monitors and a man's face appears. "Can you come quickly?" asks the pilot. "Why?" the man responds. "The postcards," explains the pilot. "Somebody found them."

An alarm sounds, and the pilot activates the other monitor – which shows the inside of the hangar. He watches as Polly looks at the body beneath the sheet. The pilot picks up his gun and heads towards the door.



Polly hears him coming and runs from the hangar. The pilot is about to fire when he sees the police riders. Hiding his weapon, he retreats. Nearby, Ben sees the lorry bearing the TARDIS guided towards another hangar.

With the obstruction removed, the Commandant orders landings resumed. "Get me the police chief," he snaps to his secretary, Miss Rock. She has a call placed to Superintendent Reynolds and then passes the phone.

Learning that four people were seen running away from the police box, he demands that security be tightened. The Commandant tells Miss Rock that they are probably "miles away by now".

Thinking for a moment, he instructs Miss Rock to contact Immigration. "Tell them to let me know if any suspicious characters are seen in that area," he states.

On the runway, Jamie spots Polly, and he and the Doctor call out to her. The frightened girl tells them what she has witnessed, and the three of them head off to investigate.

Meanwhile, in the hangar, the murderer has been joined by the man he contacted. "Who was he?" the second pilot enquires, referring to the corpse.

"I don't know," replies the other, and explains how he'd found the man in the office. "He found evidence. I had to stop him," he adds in justification.

The second pilot takes the dead man's wallet – and, examining the contents, announces: "You have killed Detective Inspector Gascoigne."

"Do you think a parent sent him?" asks the first pilot. His colleague asserts that no-one should find the body. Told to arrange for disposal of it, the first pilot returns to the secret room and orders a container to be sent.

"Why have they been left here?" says the second pilot, pointing at two suitcases. Saying that he was interrupted, the first places the suitcases and wallet in an alcove, disintegrating them. The intruder alarm sounds.

The pilots watch as, in the hangar, the Doctor concludes that the man was killed by an alien weapon. The second pilot says that the Doctor could be a threat – but instructs his associate, Spencer, to capture Polly.

As the Doctor and friends head off to find the authorities, Spencer steps out from a hangar and immobilises Polly with a strange pen-like device. The Doctor and Jamie carry on, unaware of their companion's plight.

Spencer presents the girl to his colleague, and reports that he was unseen. Polly rubs her head and warns them that her friends will come looking for her.

Polly tries to explain that she isn't part of the airport and that she stumbled into the hangar lost. The intruder alarm signals the return of the Doctor and Jamie, searching for their friend. The pilots turn to the monitor to watch.

Polly tries to beat against the secret door, but is restrained. Finding no trace of her, the Doctor says that the authorities should be contacted. Noting this, the second pilot says that they must stop the Doctor and Jamie worrying.

Following a group of passengers, the Doctor and Jamie arrive at Immigration. The Doctor wants to report a dead body, but the official refuses to let them past without passports. "We neither of us have passports," cries the Doctor.

The officer maintains that they must have arrived on the last flight from Madrid and should therefore have passports. Jamie's suggestion that they should mention the TARDIS is met with a swift kick from the Doctor.

"You gentlemen wouldn't know anything about a police box?" asks the official. "That's just what we were saying," blurts Jamie. The officer calls the Commandant: "Jenkins here . . . I think I've got two of your suspects."

Meanwhile, Ben, wandering around the hangars, follows sounds of hammering to the Chameleon Tours hangar.

Inside, Spencer's colleague nails shut a crate and returns to the office. "Anyone 'ere?" calls Ben. The pilot watches him until Miss Rock arrives looking for a Captain Blade. "You looking for me?" the pilot asks, entering the floor.

She hands Blade his flight schedules, then leaves. Blade demands to know what Ben is doing. Ben bluffs that, new to the airport staff, he is lost. Blade eyes Ben suspiciously – but accepts his claims and offers him directions.

Elsewhere, the Commandant listens with almost complete disinterest to the Doctor and Jamie's story. "People who vanish, ray guns!" he sneers dismissively.

Eventually, the Commandant is persuaded to visit the hangar. He tells Jenkins to inform Air Traffic Control where he's gone. Jenkins complies. "It's going to be one of those days," he says.

In the secret room behind the office, Blade takes a pile of postcards and begins to affix postage stamps to them.

Spencer returns. "Get her?" enquires Blade. "She's being processed," he replies. "They can take another on the next flight."

"Excellent," Blade remarks, reaching for a syringe on top of one of the monitors. He then walks towards a large cabinet. Pausing to remove air from the syringe, he opens the cabinet.

A strangely marked arm extends out from within. As Blade injects the solution into the unseen creature's upper arm, the intruder alarm sounds. Closing the cabinet, he and Spencer return to the monitors.

"The body," exclaims Jamie as they enter. "It's gone!" "Well, let's see what we *have* got," says the Doctor. He examines the floor with a magnifying glass, saying that the dead man had no form of identification on him.

"Oh, a man with nothing in his pockets?" repeats the Commandant sarcastically. "Yes, I was rather surprised myself," adds the Doctor, trying to cultivate enthusiasm in the Commandant.

"There was one thing," the Doctor remembers, delving into his jacket pocket and bringing out a postage stamp. The Doctor points out to the Commandant that it is both Spanish and un-franked.

Neither of the Doctor's further discoveries – burnt fibres, and a scorch mark on the banister – impress the waspish Commandant. "I've had enough of this," he snaps. "Ray guns, burnt fibres, foreign stamps . . ."

Thinking out loud, the Doctor suggests that the body has probably been concealed in a large packing case. "Right behind you," observes Jamie, pointing to such a case.

Blade enters as Jamie tries to open the crate. The Commandant says that there has been an alleged "incident", and asks if they may open the case. Blade has no objections. "What do you expect to find?" he enquires.

"A dead man," replies Jamie. Blade opens the crate with a crowbar. Seeing that the crate contains only plastic cups, the Commandant announces he's going to start his own investigation – into the Doctor and Jamie . . .

After they have left, Blade calls upstairs: "Bring him down." Spencer helps a shrouded figure down. "Will he survive?" asks Spencer. "If we hurry," replies Blade, adding that the subject is reaching suffocation point.

Meanwhile, the Commandant, ignoring the Doctor's protestations, orders Jenkins to phone Supt Reynolds: "These people are trespassing." Jenkins has a flight arriving, and the Commandant makes the call himself.

"Look, Doctor," cries Jamie excitedly as the first passenger approaches them.

The elated Doctor jumps up when he sees that it is Polly.

The two pilots help the cloaked figure up an escalator and through the airport concourse.

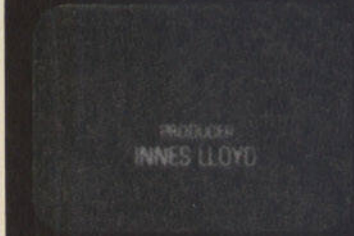
The Doctor says that Polly is the girl who witnessed the murder. "Where have you been, Polly?" he asks. "My name isn't Polly," she retorts – and tells the Commandant that she's never seen them before in her life.

Spencer helps the figure to the airport's medical centre. Blade pauses for a moment to check that no-one has been following them. Inside, they head straight through the inner doors.

They remove the coat to reveal an inhuman creature. Carefully they help it to rest on a couch.

Its head remains downcast, and its breathing is heavy and laboured . . .

PRODUCER
INNES LLOYD



The DWM Awards

and 1997 Readers' Survey

Tomb? *Talons*? *Time-Flight*? What is the greatest *Doctor Who* story ever? For the series' 35th anniversary year, we hope to compile a definitive chart of the best (and worst!) of *Doctor Who*, and for that we need *your* help . . .

The results will be published in **DWM** in due course – but we'll be unveiling the final list first at a special awards ceremony at next year's special **DWM** Easter shindig (full details in these pages shortly). Five respondents picked at random will each receive two tickets – and will get to hobnob with some special celebrity guests too!

But first, you'll need to complete the survey form itself. We'd like you to rate each and every *Doctor Who* story listed here between 1 and 10, where 1 means "truly awful" and 10 "absolutely superb". Don't worry if you've not seen everything; if you don't feel able to properly assess any one story, leave that space blank. In the case of 'lost' sixties stories, we leave it up to your individual discretion to decide whether or not all the available information – novelisations, telesnaps, audio tapes and so on – is enough for you to form a proper opinion. The final list will be determined by a proportionate tally.

Over the page, you'll see similar tables for all of the Virgin *New* and *Missing Adventures*, plus this year's BBC Books; again, the same criteria apply. And, as usual, there are a few additional sections related to **DWM** itself . . .

Once you've finished, pop this page in the post – clean photocopies are acceptable, but multiple entries will be weeded out – and you could be on your way to the awards event to end them all!

The great TV Doctor Who opinion poll

100,000 BC ☐
The Daleks ☐
Inside the Spaceship ☐
Marco Polo ☐
The Keys of Marinus ☐
The Aztecs ☐
The Sensorites ☐
The Reign of Terror ☐
Planet of Giants ☐
The Dalek Invasion/Earth ☐
The Rescue ☐
The Romans ☐
The Web Planet ☐
The Crusade ☐
The Space Museum ☐
The Chase ☐
The Time Meddler ☐
Galaxy 4 ☐
Mission to the Unknown ☐
The Myth Makers ☐
The Daleks' Master Plan ☐
The Massacre/Eve ☐
The Ark ☐
The Celestial Toymaker ☐
The Gunfighters ☐
The Savages ☐
The War Machines ☐
The Smugglers ☐
The Tenth Planet ☐
The Power of the Daleks ☐
The Highlanders ☐
The Underwater Menace ☐
The Moonbase ☐
The Macra Terror ☐
The Faceless Ones ☐
The Evil of the Daleks ☐
The Tomb/Cybermen ☐
The Abominable Snowmen ☐
The Ice Warriors ☐
The Enemy of the World ☐
The Web of Fear ☐
Fury from the Deep ☐
The Wheel in Space ☐
The Dominators ☐
The Mind Robber ☐
The Invasion ☐
The Krotons ☐
The Seeds of Death ☐
The Space Pirates ☐
The War Games ☐
Spearhead from Space ☐
Doctor Who/Silurians ☐
The Ambassadors/Death ☐
Inferno ☐
Terror of the Autons ☐
The Mind of Evil ☐
The Claws of Axos ☐
Colony in Space ☐
The Dæmons ☐
Day of the Daleks ☐
The Curse of Peladon ☐
The Sea Devils ☐
The Mutants ☐
The Time Monster ☐
The Three Doctors ☐
Carnival of Monsters ☐
Frontier in Space ☐
Planet of the Daleks ☐
The Green Death ☐
The Time Warrior ☐
Invasion of the Dinosaurs ☐
Death to the Daleks ☐
The Monster of Peladon ☐
Planet of the Spiders ☐
Robot ☐
The Ark in Space ☐
The Sontaran Experiment ☐
Genesis of the Daleks ☐
Revenge of the Cybermen ☐
Terror of the Zygons ☐
Planet of Evil ☐
Pyramids of Mars ☐
The Android Invasion ☐
The Brain of Morbius ☐
The Seeds of Doom ☐
The Masque/Mandragora ☐
The Hand of Fear ☐
The Deadly Assassin ☐
The Face of Evil ☐
The Robots of Death ☐
The Talons/Weng-Chiang ☐
Horror of Fang Rock ☐
The Invisible Enemy ☐
Image of the Fendahl ☐
The Sun Makers ☐
Underworld ☐
The Invasion of Time ☐
The Ribos Operation ☐
The Pirate Planet ☐
The Stones of Blood ☐
The Androids of Tara ☐
The Power of Kroll ☐
The Armageddon Factor ☐
Destiny of the Daleks ☐
City of Death ☐
The Creature from the Pit ☐
Nightmare of Eden ☐
The Horns of Nimon ☐
Shada ☐
The Leisure Hive ☐
Meglos ☐
Full Circle ☐
State of Decay ☐
Warriors' Gate ☐
The Keeper of Traken ☐
Logopolis ☐
Castrovalva ☐
Four to Doomsday ☐
Kinda ☐
The Visitation ☐
Black Orchid ☐
Earthshock ☐
Time-Flight ☐
Arc of Infinity ☐
Snakedance ☐
Mawdryn Undead ☐
Terminus ☐
Enlightenment ☐
The King's Demons ☐
The Five Doctors ☐
Warriors of the Deep ☐
The Awakening ☐
Frontios ☐
Resurrection/Daleks ☐
Planet of Fire ☐
The Caves of Androzani ☐
The Twin Dilemma ☐
Attack of the Cybermen ☐
Vengeance on Varos ☐
The Mark of the Rani ☐
The Two Doctors ☐
Timelash ☐
Revelation of the Daleks ☐
The Trial/Time Lord 1-4 ☐
The Trial/Time Lord 5-8 ☐
The Trial/Time Lord 9-12 ☐
The Trial/Time Lord 13-14 ☐
Time and the Rani ☐
Paradise Towers ☐
Delta/Bannermen ☐
Dragonfire ☐
Remembrance/Daleks ☐
The Happiness Patrol ☐
Silver Nemesis ☐
The Greatest Show/Galaxy ☐
Battlefield ☐
Ghost Light ☐
The Curse of Fenric ☐
Survival ☐
Dimensions in Time ☐
Doctor Who [1996] ☐

Survey continues . . .

Cut out or photocopy

Best Virgin *New Adventure*

- Timewyrm: Genesys ☐
- Timewyrm: Exodus ☐
- Timewyrm: Apocalypse ☐
- Timewyrm: Revelation ☐
- Cat's Cradle: T/Crucible ☐
- Cat's Cradle: Warhead ☐
- Cat's Cradle: Witch Mark ☐
- Nightshade ☐
- Love and War ☐
- Transit ☐
- The Highest Science ☐
- The Pit ☐
- Deceit ☐
- Lucifer Rising ☐
- White Darkness ☐
- Shadowmind ☐
- Iceberg ☐
- Birthright ☐
- Blood Heat ☐
- The Dimension Riders ☐
- The Left/Hummingbird ☐
- Conundrum ☐
- No Future ☐
- Tragedy Day ☐
- Legacy ☐
- Theatre of War ☐
- All-Consuming Fire ☐
- Blood Harvest ☐
- Strange England ☐
- First Frontier ☐
- St Anthony's Fire ☐
- Falls the Shadow ☐
- Parasite ☐
- Warlock ☐
- Set Piece ☐
- Infinite Requiem ☐
- Sanctuary ☐
- Human Nature ☐
- Original Sin ☐
- Sky Pirates! ☐
- Zamper ☐
- Toy Soldiers ☐
- Head Games ☐
- The Also People ☐
- Shakedown ☐
- Just War ☐
- Warchild ☐
- Sleepy ☐
- Death and Diplomacy ☐
- Happy Endings ☐
- Godengine ☐
- Christmas/Rational Planet ☐
- Return of the Living Dad ☐
- The Death of Art ☐
- Damaged Goods ☐
- Bad Therapy ☐
- Eternity Weeps ☐
- The Room/No Doors ☐
- Lungbarrow ☐
- The Dying Days ☐
- So Vile a Sin ☐

Best Virgin *Missing Adventure*

- The Sorcerer's Apprentice ☐
- Venusian Lullaby ☐
- The Plotters ☐
- The Empire of Glass ☐
- The Man/Velvet Mask ☐
- Invasion of the Cat-People ☐
- Twilight of the Gods ☐
- The Dark Path ☐
- The Menagerie ☐
- The Eye of the Giant ☐
- The Scales of Injustice ☐
- Dancing the Code ☐
- Speed of Flight ☐
- The Ghosts of N-Space ☐
- A Device of Death ☐
- Managra ☐
- Evolution ☐
- System Shock ☐
- The Shadow/Weng-Chiang ☐
- The Romance of Crime ☐
- The English Way of Death ☐
- The Well-Mannered War ☐
- Cold Fusion ☐
- The Sands of Time ☐
- Goth Opera ☐
- The Crystal Bucephalus ☐
- Lords of the Storm ☐
- Burning Heart ☐
- State of Change ☐
- Millennial Rites ☐
- Time of Your Life ☐
- Killing Ground ☐
- Downtime ☐
- Who Killed Kennedy ☐

Best BBC Eighth Doctor novel of 1997

- The Eight Doctors ☐
- Vampire Science ☐
- The Bodysnatchers ☐
- Genocide ☐
- War of the Daleks ☐
- Alien Bodies ☐

Best BBC early Doctor novel of 1997

- The Murder Game ☐
- The Roundheads ☐
- The Devil Goblins/Neptune ☐
- The Ultimate Treasure ☐
- Business Unusual ☐
- Illegal Alien ☐

DWM 1997

Favourite overall issue

Choose from DWMs 248-260 inclusive

Favourite special feature

Choose from: *Roots* [various], *Behind the zines* [248, history of fanzines], *To be continued . . .* [249, cliffhangers], *250 (and then some)* [250, history of DWM], *10 more moments when you know your watching the greatest TV series ever made* [250, readers' favourite bits of series], *Vox pops* [250, 260, audience research], *Question marks* [251-2, psychology of Doctor], *Terry Nation* [252, tribute], *Licence to kill* [252, Virgin NAs], *1966 and all that* [253, War Machines restoration], *The Trial of a Crime Lord* [254, for and against the Master], *What if?* [255, possible series post-1989], *Out of the vaults* [255-7, BBC archives], *Space buns and tea* [256, fan attitude to series], *Bad boys inc* [259, villains], *Bring me the Head of BBC Books!* [259, a week with BBC Worldwide], *Sydney Newman* [260, tribute]

Favourite interview

Choose from: Graham Williams [248-9, 251], Pennant Roberts [248], Elisabeth Sladen [250-1], Peter Miles [250], Peter Moffatt [253-4], Tristan De Vere Cole [254], John Davies [254], John Normington/Georgina Hale/Rachel Bell [255], Katy Manning [256], Louis Marks [256], Christopher H Bidmead [257-9], Tom Baker [258], Bonnie Langford [260], Stephen Thorne [260]

Favourite comic strip

Choose from: *The Keep* [248-9], *The Daleks* [249-254], *A Life of Matter and Death* [250], *Fire and Brimstone* [251-5], *By Hook or by Crook* [256], *Tooth and Claw* [257-60]

General content

Help us to ensure the magazine contains the material you want to see . . .

Please assign a mark between 1 and ten for importance for these parts of the magazine, where 1 indicates "is of no interest at all" and 10 is "can't live without it."

'Special features' signifies the lengthy discursive items indicated in 'Favourite special feature' above.

- Collectors' Heaven ☐
- Comic Strip ☐
- The DWM Archive ☐
- Fluid Links ☐
- Gallifrey Guardian ☐
- The Fanzine Trap ☐
- The High Council ☐
- Interviews ☐
- Life/Times/Jackie Jenkins ☐
- Special features ☐
- Out of the TARDIS ☐
- Outside the Spaceship ☐
- Shelf Life ☐
- Telesnap Archive ☐
- Timelines ☐

Trends

Video

Of the BBC *Doctor Who* videos, do you buy . . . [tick one box]

All ☐ Some ☐ None ☐

Novels

Of the BBC *Doctor Who* books, do you buy . . .

All ☐ Some ☐ None ☐

Of the Virgin Bernice *New Adventures* books, do you buy . . .

All ☐ Some ☐ None ☐

Doctor Who Magazine

I read DWM . . .

Every issue ☐ irregularly ☐

Other media

Do you have regular access to the World Wide Web?

Yes ☐ No ☐

Do you have a computer with a CD-Rom drive?

Yes ☐ No ☐

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Please send your completed form to

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Doctor Who Magazine
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The Pantiles
Tunbridge Wells
Kent TN2 5UJ

Closing date: 28 February 1998

"The youngest were spellbound, sometimes open-mouthed"

Vox Pops

Stephen James Walker takes a final peek at the BBC Audience Research Department's top secret files on *Doctor Who* – and discovers just how the kids really felt about Tom Baker's Fourth Doctor . . .

Recently, a fellow **DWM** scribe asked me if I thought that *Doctor Who* had ever been truly popular. This seemed at first a rather silly question with a self-evident answer, but it does actually raise a serious point. After all, only a handful of episodes ever managed to break into the top ten rated programmes for the week of their transmission, and for much of its long run the series was more likely to be found languishing in the lower half of the top 100. This, however, is not entirely surprising; as a telefantasy show (to use a loosely-defined term), it was bound to appeal mainly to those viewers who enjoyed and had a particular affinity for that type of entertainment – in other words, to only a section of the general viewing audience. It was never going to be a serious rival to shows with the broad popular appeal of, say, *Coronation Street* or *EastEnders*. This may perhaps explain why the BBC's internal audience research reports, based on the reactions of members of the public at large rather than of those with a particular interest in this kind of genre programming, often seem unexpectedly critical of the series. Looked at in this light, it is perhaps not so surprising that episodes now held in high regard by most *Doctor Who* fans drew a decidedly lukewarm response from those in the BBC's sample. This continued to be the case during Tom Baker's era as the Doctor – now generally regarded as a high point of public acclaim for the series.

Opinions amongst the 180-strong sample who commented on the new Doctor's debut episode, *Robot* Part One, were certainly very mixed: "A minority of about three in ten felt it was definitely enjoyable (some were long-term followers of the series) while a smaller group were distinctly unimpressed. It was suggested, here and there, that this episode had been slow – the story had not got very far by the end".

Naturally enough, the major subject for comment was the new Doctor himself. "At this early stage," it was reported, "many did not know whether they were going to like him or not; viewers often said he would 'take some getting used to'. First impressions among those who volunteered an opinion were seldom entirely favourable. Some considered the new personality too clownish and eccentric (occasionally, 'too stupid for words') or too unlike the previous Doctor. Also, Jon Pertwee had been a favourite with some viewers, and they missed him. On the other hand, a small group seem to have been instantly attracted, or won over by the end of the episode. The new Doctor had 'more life and humour', it was said, and seemed likely to 'buck the series up'."

The report highlighted in particular the reactions of younger viewers amongst the sample. Specific comments included: "The new Doctor is not quite as good as Jon Pertwee, but the programme is still just as exciting" (boy aged eleven); "It was nice and creepy but I like the other Doctor Who best" (boy aged twelve); "My little boy didn't like the new Doctor, he thought he was too silly. Loved the Robot" (parent); "I would like him calmed down a bit, because he's crazy" (boy aged eight); and "It was ever so good. I liked that tin thing with the clippy hands" (girl aged eight).

The concluding instalment of *Genesis of the*

Daleks was the next to be reported on, this time by a sample of 228 viewers.

"One group thought the episode slow and the conclusion tame and unimaginative," it was noted. "However, although it had, of course, been obvious from the outset that Doctor Who could not permit the Daleks to perish (for one thing, he could not change what had already happened and, for another, as one somewhat cynically put it, 'you would lose your best money-spinner') this was generally regarded as a satisfactory ending to a story that might be dismissed by some as 'absolute rubbish' and 'just for kids', but which had clearly been followed fairly consistently by most reporting viewers, whether or not they had children watching with them."

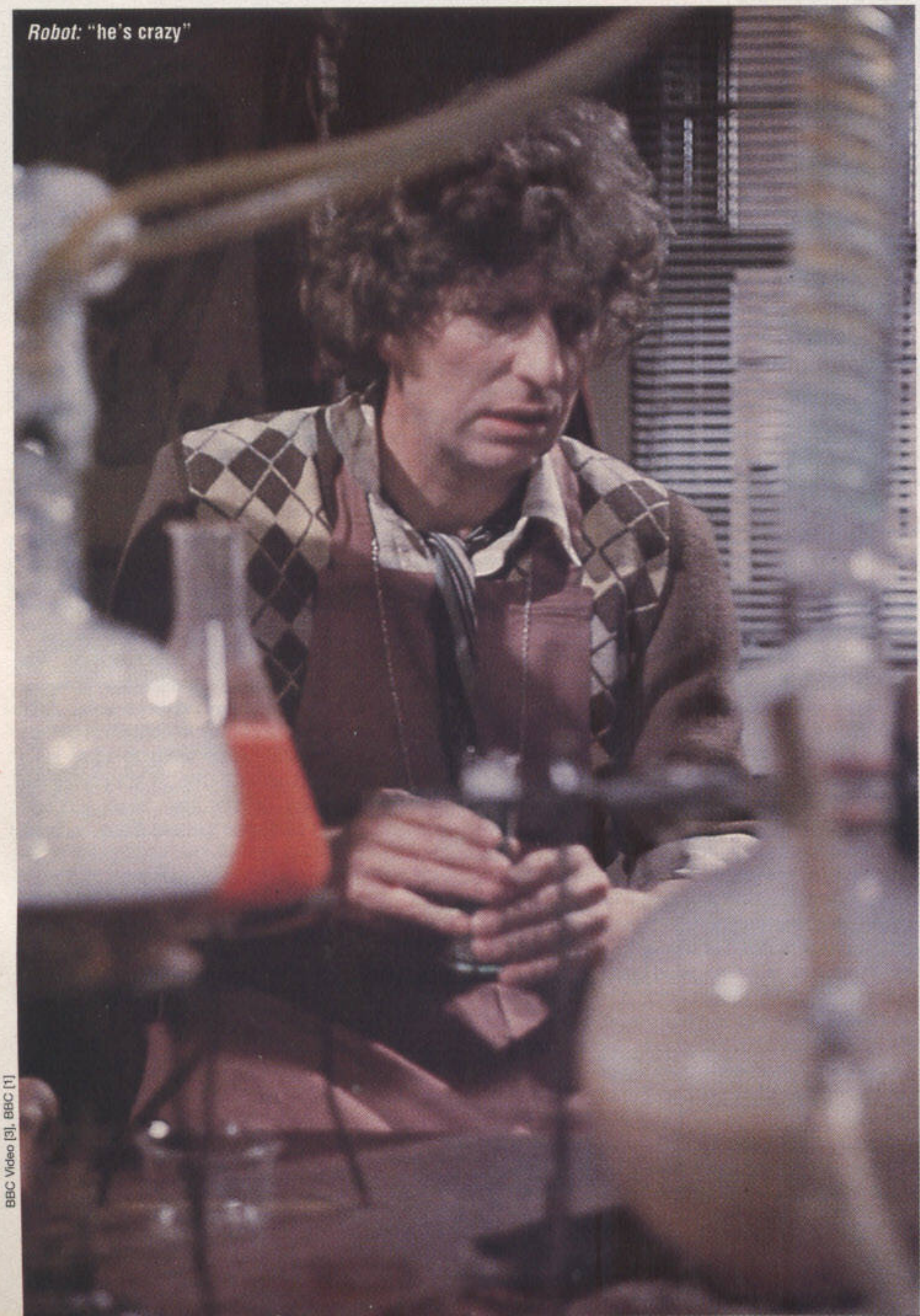
Tom Baker's Doctor again drew considerable comment, which "appeared to be fairly evenly divided between those who considered him stupid rather than eccentric (his 'sloppy scarf' was a particular irritant, it seemed) and those who liked his 'slightly dotty' interpretation of the part".

The return of the Daleks was generally appreciated, as was the opportunity to see how they had come into being, although some "confessed to being 'fed up with them' – 'how many ways are there of skinning a rabbit?' – and would welcome the introduction of new, preferably non-mechanical monsters".

"Too much was made of a children's programme . . ."

WHOSE
DOCTOR
WHO

The 1977 *Lively Arts* documentary *Whose Doctor Who?* was the subject of its own audience research report. This reflected the opinions of a small sample of 50 viewers, half of whom "described themselves as regular viewers of *Doctor Who* and were particularly glad to renew their acquaintance with the earlier incumbents of the role". Some "would have liked even more clips from past programmes, particularly those featuring William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton". In general though the programme was well received, and several "expressed surprise at the amount of imagination, ingenuity and sheer hard work that went into the making of each episode, and the explanations of various special effects were described as 'fascinating'". More negative feedback came from a small number who found the programme "boring", principally because they were amongst the one-fifth of the sample who "rarely or never watched *Doctor Who*", and from others who "complained that too much was being made of what was basically a children's programme, allowing too much to be read into it, especially by the psychologist taking part". "Some doubts existed," the report went on, "as to the success of the section dealing with viewers' opinion," and several "felt that the children, despite being objectionably precocious, contributed nothing". Tom Baker's input was however considered valid and thought-provoking, and "Melvyn Bragg, who introduced the programme, was largely felt to have done his usual professional job".


Robot: "he's crazy"

BBC Video [3], BBC [1]

"A little more complex than some *Doctor Who* adventures, perhaps," the report continued, "and with underlying questions of conscience, the serial had been 'different' it was occasionally felt and, although dismissed in some quarters as far-fetched, long drawn-out, confused and/or predictable, had provided acceptable escapist entertainment for the majority."

The closing episode of the following season's *Planet of Evil* received what was described as "a mainly moderately favourable response" from the relatively small sample of 126 who reported on it.

"It did not have such an exciting plot as some, viewers commented, some also having found it difficult to follow the gist, especially if the preceding episodes had been missed. One minority group regarded it as 'ludicrous rubbish' – the monsters too unbelievable even for science fiction – 'only fit for children', usually observing that they had watched as their family enjoyed it, but sometimes admitting that they had found it quite diverting, all the same. Another regarded it as not only ridiculous but rather horrible, with 'some frightening moments': altogether unsuitable viewing for young children."

Over a third of those in the sample commented more favourably, however, indicating that "'all the family' had enjoyed this episode and the whole story, commending the series as one geared for the young but also acceptable to adults; a few especially welcomed the ingredient of 'idealism' as well as adventure, with good triumphing over evil, promises kept, and experience prevailing. Several sci-fi enthusiasts had found it suitably terrifying and thrilling. Children too, from three to thirteen . . . had relished the monsters: though decidedly frightening for some of the youngest, they refused to have the set switched off and sat spellbound, sometimes open-mouthed; older children thought the episode interesting and exciting, being also absorbed."

The only Season Fourteen episode to be reported on was the final part of *The Masque of Mandragora*. Responses from the 230 viewers in the sample were, again, decidedly mixed.

"At the extreme, critical viewers dismissed the programme as utterly silly and 'corny', quite often adding that the acting was hammy – although it was suggested that this was hardly surprising in view of the script. The more lukewarm tended to remark that the plot had 'dragged' rather and that the series as a whole was running out of ideas. Occasionally, too, members of the sample compared Tom Baker's flippant Doctor Who unfavourably with his predecessors.

"However, the bulk of the reporting audience reacted with at least moderate approval of the storyline which involved the right amount of colourful action and suspense as the Doctor fittingly defeated the powers of evil once again and, on the whole, seemed disposed to praise both acting and a production in which historical settings and special effects contributed to the programme's general appeal, and in some views, even, were the best part of it."

Planet of Evil: **"ludicrous rubbish"**

Children's views were again noted as being particularly positive. Specific comments on this occasion included: "I was frightened a bit but enjoyed it"; "It was very good. I liked the power coming from their fingers"; "Very funny – Peter"; "My seven-year-old wouldn't miss it for anything; he explains the plot to me"; and "My three-year-old always wants to watch – from the safety of Daddy's knee. She finds it confusing at times and can't always pick out the baddies".

"About 7% of the total sample said this adventure had not been as good as some . . . of its predecessors," the report went on, "and were quite often inclined to reject *Doctor Who* as having become altogether stereotyped: 'Is there no other possible plot than that the Doctor saves the world from doom completely unaided?'. A very few viewers preferred stories set in the future but they were outnumbered by those who, on the other hand, observed that the historical setting had added an enjoyable new dimension."

Season Fifteen again saw the Audience Research Department producing only one report on the series, for the second instalment of *The Sun Makers*. The bulk of the 199 viewers in the sample this time were said to have enjoyed the episode:

"In general, they warmly welcomed the more realistic, less 'fantastic' nature of the theme (widely interpreted as an 'exposé of super monopoly capitalism'), felt the story was well developed, intriguing and exciting, and liked the 'more recognisable characters', considering them a nice change from monsters. In short, it was in their opinion, entertaining and even compelling viewing, which was 'well up to the usual high standard of *Doctor Who* adventures'. However, a substantial minority of the sample were less enthusiastic. They were in most instances unimpressed by this 'departure from the outer galaxies and weird creatures', often feeling that a 'new view of the future' was needed in order to retain the initial originality of this long-running series. Whilst they did criticise the story as 'too far-fetched to be anything other than childish' and frequently condemned the characters as utterly stereotyped ('straight out of a third-rate Mikado'), most apparently thought it a fairly average 'sci-fi' story (in which 'goodies fight the baddies, as always') and rated it as such. Indeed, only a tiny minority were actually dissatisfied by the programme. Some simply dismissed it outright as an awful story, but others thought it unsuitable for children because of the very realism for which most of those reporting praised it."

The report continued in a generally positive vein – indeed, this was to be perhaps the most positive report produced on any Tom Baker episode – and noted that the episode's production values were highly acclaimed:

"The large majority thought the acting and the production 'as good as ever' and rated both highly. Whilst several viewers liked what they saw as the 'tongue in cheek' approach of the cast, most detected no change from the normal and thought the acting 'of the usual high standard'. Louise Jameson (Leela) was singled out for special praise for her performance in this episode, many feeling that she was more assured now than she had been previously . . . There was particular praise for the imaginative and ingenious sets and costumes, which were in many viewers' opinions a welcome change from the disused quarries and dull army surroundings which have 'featured so often of late', and some especially liked the introduction of K-9."

Reaction to K9 was said to be particularly enthusiastic amongst children who, as usual, had little but praise for the episode in general.

In 1978 the format of the audience research reports underwent a slight change where serials were concerned: from this point on, they would cover not just a particular episode but the serial as a whole. The first *Doctor Who* story to be reported on in this way was *The Ribos Operation*, which was said to be only "moderately well received" by the 162 viewers in the sample:

"A number . . . said that they invariably found the series enjoyable – 'very exciting and such good fun' and 'always good family entertainment'. The Doctor was clearly a very popular character and his new and more intelligent assistant, the Time Lady, was also a success with those reporting. However, there was some feeling that the plot of *The Ribos Operation* had been weaker than in previous serials and some viewers felt that *Doctor Who* was less exciting and gripping than in former years, several commenting that 'it needs the Daleks back to liven it up'. One or two thought this story rather confusing, but the majority found it easy to follow."

The Power of Kroll was the next story to be reported on. Again, the enjoyment gained by those in the sample, this time numbering 210, was found to be, overall, only moderate:

"Only one or two remarked that they found this story about the monster Kroll especially inter-

"Is there no other possible plot than 'the Doctor saves the world from doom completely unaided'?"

"My seven year-old explains the plot to me"

Destiny of the Daleks: "reliable entertainment"

esting and full of action, but most found it easy to follow and agreed that it was quite well written. There were a number of critics who thought that other *Doctor Who* stories had been more gripping than this one, and a sizeable number considered the programme basically for children and thus not worth serious comment. A handful only watched because others in their households were watching and a tiny number just found the whole production rather 'comic'."

While Tom Baker remained very popular with the sample audience, Mary Tamm was on this occasion "not quite so well received, since a few noted that the character she played was rather 'boring'". The majority, however, at least thought that "she did well".

Viewers whose comments on *The Ribos Operation* suggested that the return of the Daleks was overdue would no doubt have been pleased to see the following season's *Destiny of the Daleks*. Sure enough, the report on that story recorded a generally positive reaction from the 302-strong sample:

"The latest *Doctor Who* story in which he encountered his arch-enemies, the Daleks, met with quite a favourable response from those reporting; most viewers found the programmes enjoyable, feeling that the plot had been a good one. The teenage and adult audience did not find the story particularly exciting or at all frightening but they felt that children did. 'The Daleks always create good opposition' was the general view, and respondents said that *Doctor Who* was 'always reliable entertainment'."

Opinions on Lalla Ward as the new incarnation of Romana were mixed, but Tom Baker again "was often praised for his portrayal of the central character, a few adding that his was 'the best Doctor Who of all'."

On the perennial question of the series' impact on children, the report noted:

"It seemed that only those under seven were scared by the programmes' content and few parents criticised the series on this point; as one remarked, 'All children watch *Doctor Who* happily and while at times are slightly frightened, refuse to stop watching'. Indeed, most of the children found the series exciting and enjoyable; the Daleks obviously appealed to them and, it was often said, they were riveted to the set during the programme."

The report ended with two interesting sets of statistics. The first concerned the length of each story and revealed that while 42% of the sample liked the standard approach of four- and six-parters, 38% would have liked a longer complete story each week (with 5% favouring longer episodic stories and 15% being undecided). The second set recorded the sample's views on the series' scheduling. As many as 65% thought that the traditional Saturday teatime slot was best, 11% said that a later Saturday evening slot would be more convenient, 12% favoured a Sunday afternoon slot, 3% felt that a Sunday evening slot would be better and – tellingly, given what was to happen two years later – only 9% wanted to see the series rescheduled to a weekday.

The Leisure Hive was the last Tom Baker story to come under the Research Department's scrutiny. The vast majority of the 118 viewers in the sample were pleased to see the series back, and their reactions were generally positive:

"The majority . . . derived a fair amount of enjoyment from the episodes of the story they had seen, the storyline being described as 'intriguing', 'compulsive', 'exciting' and 'tense' in various areas of the sample audience. There were viewers who thought that this story was below the usual standard for *Doctor Who*: some people found it hard to follow, while others considered it unexciting. Nevertheless, most of those reporting regarded the story as welcome escapism and found it very entertaining."

Tom Baker's performance was once more "rated very highly" and Lalla Ward was also praised, although there was still "some criticism of her acting ability".

Particular praise was also accorded to the overall standard of production: "The production clearly impressed those reporting: the special effects were rated very highly and several people considered these the most important part of the programme. Praise was also accorded to the make-up, costumes and sets. Apart from some viewers who considered that few new ideas had been demonstrated in this production or described the series as a 'mere special effects show', most people appreciated the series for its visual interest."

A ringing endorsement, then, of new producer John Nathan-Turner's efforts to improve the look of *Doctor Who*, and thereby to "bring it into the eighties". DWM

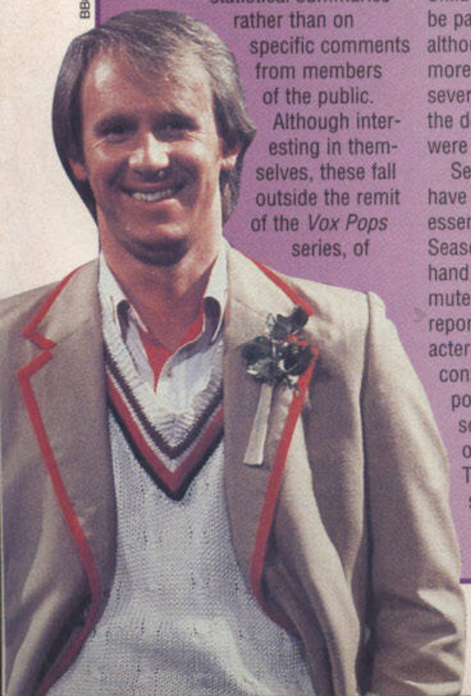
"There were unfavourable comparisons with his predecessors"

From the Peter Davison era onwards the BBC's Audience Research Department produced no further reports on individual *Doctor Who* stories. Instead, it generally produced just one overview report for each season (although none is known to exist for Seasons Twenty-One, Twenty-Five or Twenty-Six), and these tended to concentrate mainly on statistical summaries rather than on specific comments from members of the public. Although interesting in themselves, these fall outside the remit of the *Vox Pops* series, of which this is therefore the last instalment. A few points, however, are worth noting.

The report on Season Nineteen indicated that Peter Davison "appears to have been accepted as the Doctor" although "there were a number of unfavourable comparisons with certain predecessors (notably Jon Pertwee) and a couple of suggestions that he should stick to being a vet". Children were, as usual, found to be particularly keen on the series, although "boys tended to be more enthusiastic than girls" and several "were rather disturbed by the death of Adric, although these were in the minority".

Season Twenty was said to have had "a somewhat mixed but essentially favourable response". Season Twenty-Two, on the other hand, had "a mixed and overall muted reaction", and it was reported that "whilst the character of Doctor Who is generally considered likeable, the portrayal of Colin Baker is not so highly regarded". The overall response to season Twenty-Three was very similar, although opinions of newcomer Bonnie Langford as Mel were particularly negative. Typical remarks were said to be "I felt that she did not fit in with my image of one of Doctor Who's companions – her screams are particularly annoying" and, more bluntly, "Bonnie Langford gets up my nose".

The report on Season Twenty-Four makes for particularly depressing reading. Amongst its conclusions are that the series' popularity was in decline both with the general viewing audience and with fans, whose number seemed to be decreasing with each successive season; that "neither the new Doctor nor Mel were popular with reporting viewers"; and that "less than half the sample audience (46%) wanted to see another series of *Doctor Who*". When asked to say what they liked about the series, as many as 30% gave the answer "nothing". The only positive point in the whole report is the comment that "Sophie Aldred . . . playing the Doctor's new assistant Ace, was given a more positive rating than either Mel or the Doctor" – an observation that would no doubt have been of scant consolation to the production team.



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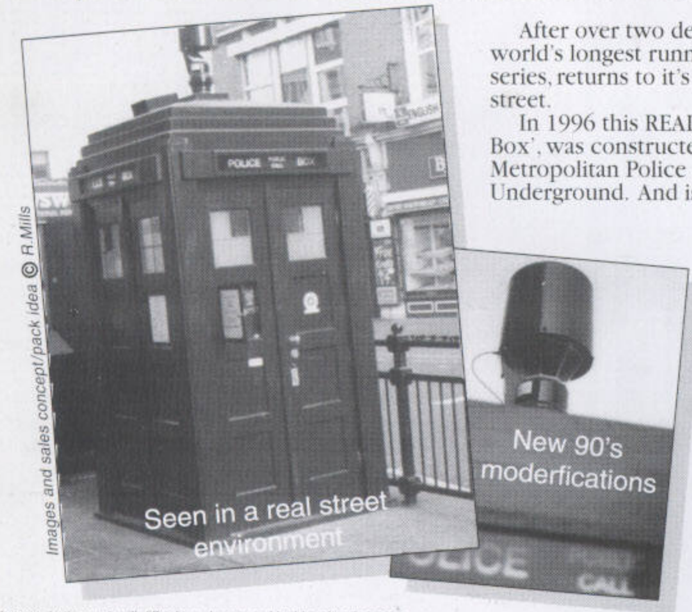
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